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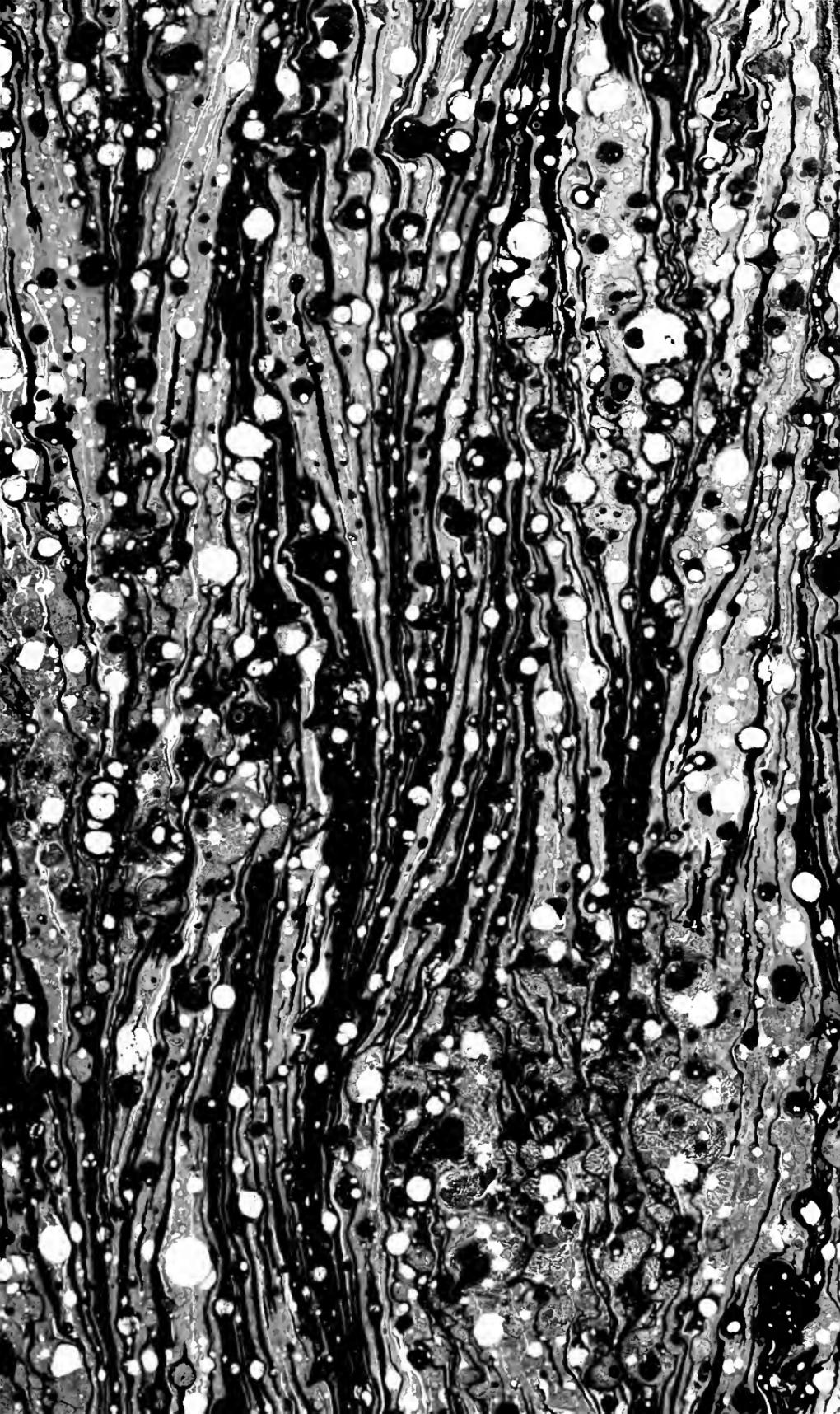
PRINCETON, N. J.

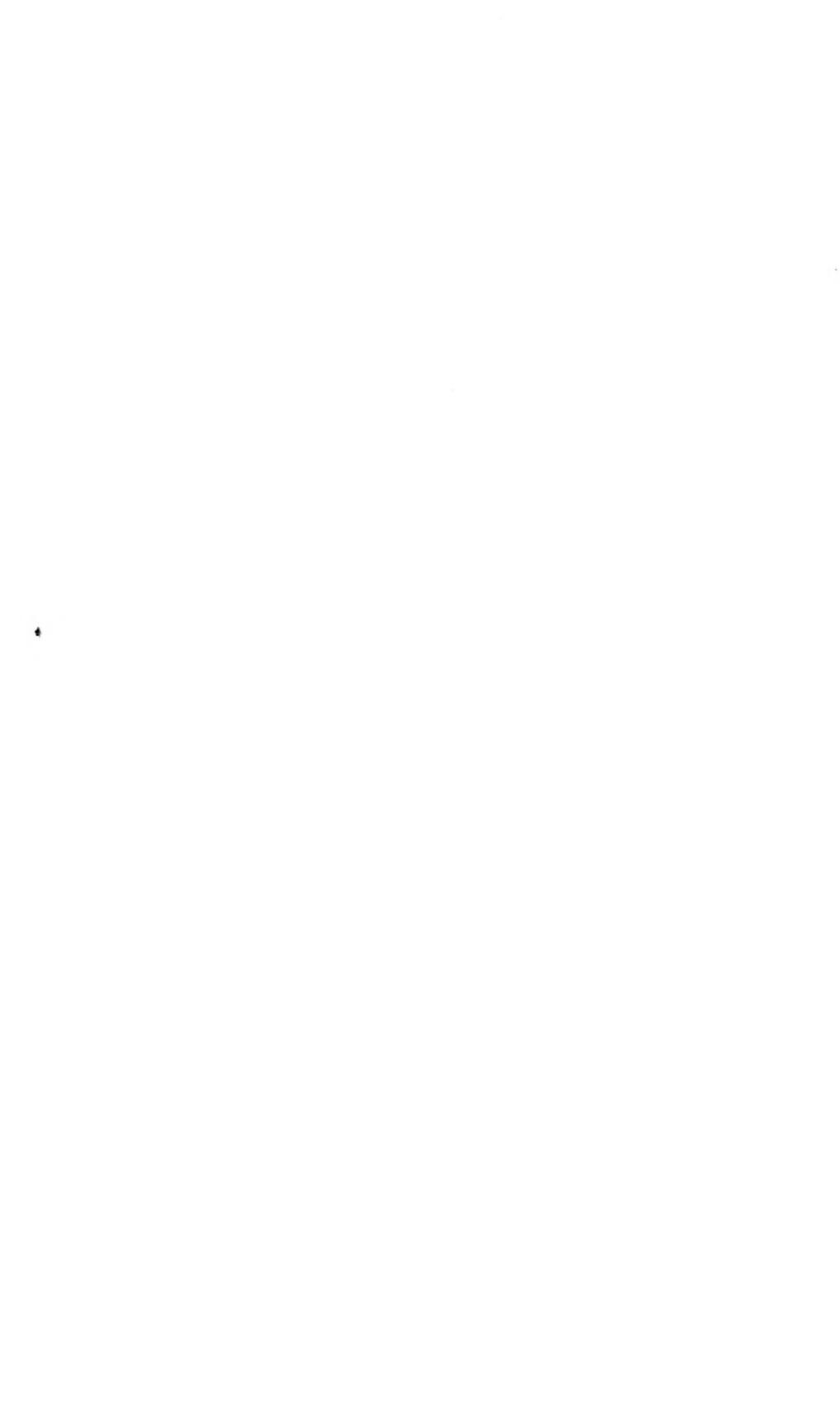
*The pulpit of the seminary*

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University Place

Presbyterian Church, New  
Princeton commemorative of  
the fiftieth anniversary

















THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ON UNIVERSITY PLACE.

1845-1895



Services Commemorative

of

The Fiftieth Anniversary

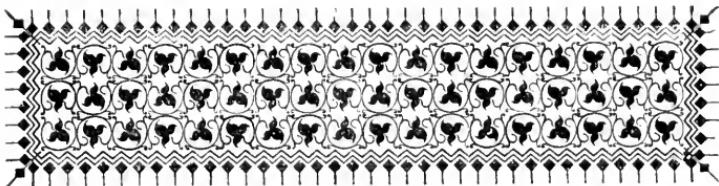
of the

University Place Presbyterian Church  
New York



November 24-28, 1895





## Prefatory Note.



RELIGIOUS corporation under the title of "The Presbyterian Church on University Place, New York," was formed March 15, 1844. October 26, 1845, it was constituted a church by the first Presbytery of New York, and fully organized.

It consisted of one hundred and fifty-nine members, most of whom had been connected with the Duane Street Church.

Rev. George Potts, D.D., was called to the pastorate and installed November 26th of that year. He continued as minister until his death, September 15, 1864.

Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, his successor, was installed on May 5, 1865, and continued in the pastorate until April 24, 1870, when, at his own request, he was released from the office.

The whole number admitted to the church during this period was 781.

The Mercer Street Presbyterian Church was organized October 25, 1835, with twenty-eight members, received from six churches.

Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., the first pastor of the church, was installed November 11, 1835, and resigned his charge February 17, 1848.

Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, D.D., was installed June 18, 1848, and resigned October 15, 1850.

Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., was installed April 30, 1851, and resigned May 3, 1858.

Rev. Walter Clarke, D.D., was installed February 16, 1859, and resigned December 26, 1860.

Rev. Robert R. Booth, D.D., was installed March 6, 1861.

The whole number of members admitted to this church was 2026, of whom 749 made profession of faith, and 1277 were received by certificate.

On September 16, 1870, the Presbytery of New York ratified an agreement by which the Presbyterian Church on University Place and the Mercer Street Church became one, and by the terms of the union retained the corporate name "The Presbyterian Church on University Place." The elders and deacons of the two former churches became the elders and deacons of the new organization.

Rev. Robert R. Booth, D.D., who for nine

years had ministered in the Mercer Street Church, was called to the pastorate of the united church on September 22d, and duly installed by the Presbytery of New York, October 30, 1870.

He continued in the pastorate until May 28, 1883, when failure of health, which threatened to be permanent, constrained him to resign his charge.

Rev. George Alexander was installed pastor January 8, 1884.

The whole number of resident members included in the united church at the time of the union was 716. During the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the union 2484 persons have been admitted to the church on profession of their faith, and 846 by letter from other churches.

It will be observed that the fiftieth anniversary of the University Place Church coincides almost exactly with the sixtieth anniversary of the Mercer Street Church and with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the united church. This interesting circumstance determined the character of the celebration recorded in this volume and the order of the programme.

Three Members of Session and the same number from the Board of Trustees were appointed a joint committee to make all necessary arrangements for the occasion.

The last week in October was thought to be too early in the season to secure a general attend-

ance of the congregation, and for that reason it was decided to postpone the exercises for one month beyond the precise date of the anniversary.

The programme arranged by the committee was carried out in every respect except that Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., was unable to attend and address the Sunday-school meeting. His letter of regret will be found in the appendix.

Sub-committees on church decoration, on music, and on entertainment were appointed, and cheerfully fulfilled the parts assigned to them. The young men of the church performed excellent service as ushers, and the ladies provided a delightful entertainment at the close of the Tuesday evening meeting. The weather proved to be very stormy and prevented the attendance of many who greatly desired to be there, but the large audiences which gathered at the various services bore testimony to the interest which the occasion excited. The anniversary has for its permanent memorial the beautiful and commodious Jubilee Hall, erected during the previous summer by the generous gifts of the church.

# The Invitation

1845-1895



You are cordially invited to participate in the Exercises  
commemorative of the

Fiftieth Anniversary  
of the  
Presbyterian Church on University Place  
and the

Sixtieth Anniversary  
of the  
Organization of the Mercer St. Presbyterian Church,

Which are to be held in the Church Edifice, corner  
of University Place and Tenth Street, New-York,  
November 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, 1895.

THOMAS DENNY, *Chairman.*

GEO. R. LOCKWOOD.                   Mrs. HENRY J. RAYMOND.

FREDERICK A. BURRALL, M. D.,   Mrs. WILLIAM G. BULL.

WILLIAM TURNBULL,                Mrs. ANSON G. PHELPS,

Mrs. WILLARD PARKER,             Mrs. J. W. WHEELER,

*Committee of Invitation.*

## THE PROGRAMME

### Sabbath Morning.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH, AT 11 O'CLOCK.

ORGAN PRELUDE, . *Andante in E flat* . Wely.

ANTHEM, . . . . *Te Deum* . Baumbach.

DOXOLOGY.

INVOCATION.

READING OF THE LAW and *Choir*

*Response: Lord have mercy upon us* } . Tours.

HYMN No. 138.<sup>1</sup>

OLD TESTAMENT LESSON.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

NEW TESTAMENT LESSON.

PRAYER.

OFFERTORY,       $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Tenor Solo} — \text{Jesus}, \\ \text{Lover of my Soul} \end{array} \right\}$  . Tours.

HYMN No. 136.

COMMEMORATIVE SERMON BY THE PASTOR.

PRAYER.

HYMN No. 948.

BENEDICTION.

POSTLUDE, . . *Hallelujah Chorus* . Beethoven.

<sup>1</sup> The hymns are all taken from "Laudes Domini."

## Sabbath Afternoon.

AT 4 O'CLOCK.

### CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

*By present and former members of the Church;*  
The PASTOR and Rev. R. R. BOOTH, D.D., officiating.

## Sabbath Evening.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGAN PRELUDE, { *Minuet in A Major* } Henry Smart.

ANTHEM, . . . *Agnus Dei* . . . Tours.

INVOCATION.

HYMN No. 294.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAVER.

OFFERTORY, { *Alto Solo—O Rest in the Lord (Elijah)* } Mendelssohn.

ADDRESS by Rev. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.,  
*Pastor of First Presbyterian Church.*

HYMN No. 919.

ADDRESS by Rev. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,  
*Rector of Grace Church.*

DUET, { *Soprano and Alto—The Lord is my Shepherd* } Greatorex.

ADDRESS by Rev. EDWARD JUDSON, D.D.,  
*Pastor of Judson Memorial Church.*

HYMN No. 1004.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

POSTLUDE, . . *March in F Major* . . Gounod.

## Monday Evening.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

SERVICE COMMEMORATIVE OF MERCER  
STREET CHURCH.

ORGAN PRELUDE, . *Andante in F Major* . Wely  
ANTHEM, . *Cantate Domino in C* . Buck.  
HYMN No. 952.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAYER.

ADDRESS by Rev. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D.

SOPRANO SOLO, { *Glory to Thee, my God, this Night* } Gounod.

ADDRESS by WM. ALLEN BUTLER, LL.D.

HYMN No. 326.

ADDRESS by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

ANTHEM, { *I'm a Pilgrim,*      *I'm a Stranger* } . Marston.

ADDRESS by Rev. ERSKINE N. WHITE, D.D.

HYMN No. 217.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN POSTLUDE, *March in D Major*, Guilmant.

## **Tuesday Afternoon.**

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH, AT 3 O'CLOCK.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE WOMAN'S HOME  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

AT THE CHURCH HOUSE.

HYMN.

PRAYER.

REPORT OF THE FIFTY YEARS' WORK,  
*By the Recording Secretary.*

ADDRESS by Rev. ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D.

HYMN.

TEA SERVED AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

## Tuesday Evening.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ORGAN      { *Canzonetta* }      Wm. Adrian Smith.  
PRELUDE,      { *in G* }      }

ANTHEM,      { *Sing Alleluia forth* }      Buck.  
INVOCATION.

HYMN NO. 1059.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAVER.

DUET,      { *Alto and Bass—  
The Lord is my light* }      Buck.

THE FIRST QUARTER-CENTURY OF UNIVERSITY PLACE CHURCH.

ADDRESS BY REV. ARTHUR POTTS, D.D.

HYMN NO. 924.

THE UNITED CHURCH.

ADDRESS BY REV. ROBERT R. BOOTH, D.D.

HYMN NO. 925.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN POSTLUDE, *Hallelujah Chorus* . Handel.

RECEPTION AND COLLATION.

## Wednesday Evening.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

### COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE.

*By the Church Sabbath-school, with Deputations  
from Emmanuel Chapel School and Bethlehem  
Chapel School.*

HYMN, PROCESSIONAL, 725.

ANTHEM, *by the Choir, O come, let us sing*, Tours.

INVOCATION.

RESPONSIVE READING.

HYMN No. 308.

REMARKS *by the Superintendent of Church Sab-  
bath-school.*

HYMN No. 331.

ADDRESS, *Origin and Growth of Emmanuel  
Chapel School*, by Mr. OTIS W. BOOTH.

ADDRESS, *Origin and Growth of Bethlehem Chapel  
School*, by Rev. HERBERT FORD.

HYMN No. 729.

ADDRESS by Rev. THOMAS MARSHALL, D.D.

ADDRESS by Rev. DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D.

HYMN No. 1161.

BENEDICTION.

POSTLUDE,    { *March in* }    *C Major*    Wm. Adrian Smith.

## Thursday Morning.

NOVEMBER 28, AT 11 O'CLOCK A.M.

### NATIONAL THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

ORGAN PRELUDE, { *Largo and Allegro* }  
in C Major { Haydn.  
ANTHEM, . . . *Break forth into joy* . . . King.

INVOCATION.

HYMN No. 142.

SCRIPTURE READING.

PRAYER.

OFFERINGS FOR THE NEEDY, *dispensed through  
the Two Missions of the Church.*

ANTHEM, . . . *Harvest Hymn* . . . Hafscorn.

HYMN No. 123.

SERMON, *by the Pastor.*

ANTHEM, . . . *O come, let us sing* . . . Tours.

PRAYER.

HYMN No. 1161.

BENEDICTION.

POSTLUDE, . . . *Allegro in B flat* . . . Haydn.





SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH.



**Service at 11 a. m.**

COMMEMORATIVE SERMON BY THE PASTOR.

**Service at 4 p. m.**

COMMUNION.

**Service at 8 p. m.**

ADDRESSES BY

REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.,

RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH.

REV. EDWARD JUDSON, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.





SUNDAY MORNING.

**Sermon by the  
Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Pastor.**

REMEMBER THEM THAT HAD THE RULE OVER YOU, WHICH SPAKE UNTO YOU THE WORD OF GOD; AND CONSIDERING THE ISSUE OF THEIR LIFE, IMITATE THEIR FAITH.

JESUS CHRIST IS THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY, YEA AND FOREVER.

*Hebrews xiii. 7-8. (Revised Version).*

**H**IIS epistle has neither address nor signature. It is as difficult to fix the precise date of its composition as to determine its authorship. Internal evidences point to the conclusion that it was intended for the church at Jerusalem, the mother church of Christendom, and that it was written shortly before the destruction of the Jewish capital. Nearly half a century had passed since Pentecost. The church was beginning to have a history. Christian memories, Christian traditions, the unwritten biog-

raphies of saints and martyrs were beginning to create a Christian atmosphere.

The mighty spiritual impulse to which the church owed its origin had spent something of its energy. The gifts of the spirit had become less extraordinary and startling. But a new force was beginning to make itself felt; the inspiring and restraining influence of those who, being dead, are yet eloquent. What a list of worthies that church at Jerusalem had on its muster-rolls! It included the fathers and founders of the faith. Jesus himself had gathered its charter members. The twelve were its first officers. Peter and John were its great preachers; James its first president; Stephen its proto-martyr. These fathers and founders had for the most part fallen asleep, but the benediction of their lives remained as a priceless legacy.

To the sentiment of veneration for the past, for the service and example of the holy dead, the writer of this epistle now appeals. He would bring the church of the present under the spell of her own history, that the examples of her departed leaders and teachers might not only minister to divine conservatism, but furnish incitement to godly achievement.

Very significant is the confession of faith which the apostle links with his pious exhortation: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day

and forever." "The fathers, where are they?" "They are done with life below." On the church visible, as on all things earthly, is impressed the law of change. Even in the annals of the saintly, "one generation goeth and another cometh"; but the Saviour, in whom they trusted and in whom they lived, is "the same yesterday, and to-day and forever." Our text thus indicates the double source from which springs the glory of the church and the pledge of its perpetuity — the unchangeableness of her divine Lord and the example of faithful lives brought to a glorious issue through faith in Him.

The counsel given to the church at Jerusalem deserves to be commended to every church whose founders have gone to their reward. A church, like an individual, is heir of all its past. The corporate life of a religious community is shaped by the character and work of its early leaders, and in turn influences the life and work of every one who shares its inspirations.

In the days just before us, we are to put ourselves into communion with our spiritual ancestors. May the church of our affection, like the body that touched the bones of Elisha, spring into newness of life by virtue of contact with the relics of its sires.

I must not intrude upon the province of those who are to present its annals in orderly review.

Let me simply weave together a few of those scattered memorials which should especially provoke us to emulate the faith of them that sleep.

We have a double ancestry. Two confluent streams contribute to the sum of qualities which constitute the genius of University Place Church. To describe them is a delicate task to perform in the presence of many whose memories run back along these divergent lines of history, which are to-day our common heritage.

Fifty years ago this stately edifice, which had been completed during the previous summer, stood on the northern verge of a rapidly expanding city. It was almost immediately filled with a compact congregation. Within a month after the organization of the church, it numbered nearly two hundred communicants, most of them formerly members of the church in Duane street, now the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. The Mercer Street Church, two or three blocks away, was just completing the first decade of its existence with a membership roll that had increased from twenty-eight to five hundred. These churches were planted in the midst of a community unexcelled in this or in any other city. They were of a native stock, American through and through. Some were New Yorkers by birth, some were from the States farther south, but the predominant element was of that New England type which in

the first half of the century did so much to establish the commercial supremacy of this imperial city. Dr. Prentiss has said that "the Mercer Street Church then contained many members whose names were known and honored the world over, in spheres of business, professional life, literature, philanthropy, and religion." The same might be said of the congregation that worshiped here. Within an area of half a mile square was an aggregation of people such as no American city can hope to see again within the same compass. The seventeen men who comprised the association which erected this edifice have all passed away. Of those who, ten years earlier, planned and executed the enterprise of building Mercer Street Church, two survive, whose lives almost span the century — Charles H. Booth, of Englewood, and that Nestor of our civic life, Charles Butler.

I leave to others the task of naming and characterizing the choice spirits who were the leaders of these two bands. The list includes more than half the founders of Union Seminary, and the leading factors in a half score of other institutions that have blessed the municipality, and extended their influence to the bounds of the earth. Merchant princes, whose commerce floated on every sea, bankers of international repute, governors of the State, who adorned that high office, physicians, jurists, journalists, who were leading the

thought of their respective professions,— such were the materials that entered into the structure of these households of faith.

Each of the two churches began its life under the guidance of a minister peculiarly fitted, by gifts and training, to direct the thinking and Christian activity of such a community. George Potts, the first pastor of University Place Church, a man of northern birth and education, had been called ten years previous from a Mississippi parish to the Duane Street Church, where his pastoral experience had added to the power and reputation which his broad scholarship, commanding form, superb voice, and courtly bearing had previously established. An old-school Presbyterian of moderate type, without narrowness or acerbity, a man of profound convictions, of generous and tender sensibilities, an eloquent preacher, wise and faithful in pastoral service, he put upon the church, in his twenty years of service, a stamp which his brilliant successor, in the comparatively short ministry of five years, could not essentially modify. Yonder mural tablet, which records the veneration of his people, contains pathetic allusion both to his labor and his sorrows: "In the harvest thou shalt rest." "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed and weeping shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him."

It may not be easy for the appointed historian

of the University Place Church to speak of another potent factor in the pastor's home and in the spiritual life of his charge — a daughter, rare and radiant, instinct with spiritual vitality, whose seraphic voice, pealing forth from the choir loft yonder, ministered to others what she so largely inherited herself, "the far-off increment of tears."

Thomas H. Skinner, the first pastor of Mercer Street Church, was a man of different mould from his neighbor on University Place. He was a southern man by birth, called from a professorship in a New England seminary, a new-school theologian of moderate and irenic type, with splendid intellectual furnishing, and yet more richly endowed with the graces of the spirit; a man who, wrestling with God, and wrestling with powers of darkness, issued from that struggle transparent, childlike, holy. Horace Bushnell, the most original theologian which this country has produced, said of him: "I have never seen, doubtless I shall never see, knowing him to be such, so holy a man." While he challenged the intellect of his cultured hearers, he captivated their hearts with an unction from the Holy One. The spirit of his ministry is expressed in a petition which one of his students has remembered and preserved: "Oh, Lord, grant that every one of us may save some souls before we die." His face was that of a man who walked with God,

and who pleaded with men. Looking upon him as he lay coffined, a choice spirit, who still abides with us, was constrained to say:

“ Not now, as oft, do I his face behold,  
 The man of gentle will and courtly mien,  
 The thoughtful student, earnest yet serene,  
 Or preacher, by whose lips God’s truth was told,  
 And in such way with him our eyes have seen  
 Days like to that of Pentecost of old !  
 I see him rather as a little child  
 Aglow with love, and crowned with simplest grace,  
 With faith that fear and doubt had not defiled,  
 And to his loving Lord so reconciled,  
 He dwelt within the smiling of His face.  
 I think in midst of us Christ gave him place,  
 To teach, as once before, that such as he  
 They must become who would his kingdom see.”<sup>1</sup>

An interval of only two or three years separated his pastorate from that of a man of kindred spirit, who will to-morrow night tell the story of the church he served. It will scarcely be possible for him to speak of those personal histories and experiences which enabled him in the first year of his ministry to put upon that church so lasting an impress. The soil of a southern grave still lay loosely upon the coffin of his only brother, that brilliant and chivalric genius, S. S. Prentiss, of whose oratory Daniel Webster once said, “ No-

<sup>1</sup> A. D. F. Randolph.

body can equal that." In the pastor's own home, that gifted author who has helped so many thousands in their "stepping heavenward" was watching the ebbing of a young life, and schooling her heart to say:

"Blest child! dear child! For thee is Jesus calling;  
And of our household thee — and only thee!  
Oh, hasten hence! to His embraces hasten!  
Sweet shall thy rest and safe thy shelter be.

"Thou who unguarded ne'er has left our threshold,  
Alone must venture now an unknown way;  
Yet, fear not!. Footprints of an Infant Holy  
Lie on thy path. Thou canst not go astray."

In such valleys of Baca are often found the springs of abiding comfort and power.

But we must not linger over the record of those who spoke the word of God to that vanishing generation. We turn to note some of the fruits and issues of their lives.

The ardor of their flame kindled many another torch. Of the more than six thousand communicants who have held membership in this church and the two former churches during those sixty years, upward of sixty have entered the gospel ministry. Of these I might mention Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; Rev. George D. Baker, D.D., Pastor of the

First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia; Rev. Charles H. Baldwin, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Amsterdam; Rev. David J. Burrall, D.D., Pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Church of this city; Rev. Lewis R. Foote, D.D., Pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn; Rev. Hiram C. Haydn, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland; Rev. James H. Taylor, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Rome; Rev. Erskine N. White, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Church Erection, not to speak of others scarcely less notable in character and service.

In midsummer of last year, a gentleman came forward at the close of the morning service and said: "I am a pilgrim and a stranger. I arrived this morning by the steamer from Havre, and have been sitting in the corner of the gallery yonder, where I heard the last sermon before my conversion, and the first sermon after my conversion, both on the same day." It was Theodore Monod, the leading spirit and best-known pastor in the Reformed Church of France to-day. As we passed into the chapel, he said: "There I sat while Charlie Lloyd prayed so earnestly for me." We knelt together in the consecrated spot, then parted, and I saw his face no more.

Another evidence of evangelistic energy is furnished by the history of the home missionary en-

terprises which we, as a church, have inherited. Before the University Place Church had been a month in existence, its honorable women, not a few, banded themselves together in a missionary organization which has survived the vicissitudes of a half century, and celebrates its jubilee with undiminished vitality. A little later a mission school was started, which under adverse circumstances, that would have extinguished any ordinary enterprise, has by the sheer energy of prayerful and unconquerable purpose struggled forth into a wealthy place.

Mercer Street Church started upon the same line of effort about five years later, but the movement when it came was mighty and significant. Forty-four years ago to-morrow night, that church assembled at the pastor's call to consider the question, "What are our duties in relation to the spiritual necessities of this city and vicinity?" The conclusion reached, after several meetings, was expressed in this resolution: "That it is our duty as a church and congregation to adopt immediate and efficient measures for carrying the gospel to the destitute of our city." The character of that conference may be inferred from the fact that its presiding officer was a statesman who had served in the Federal cabinet as head of the Department of Justice, and afterward of the Department of War. That magnificent body of men

and women, whose names will be repeated during these commemorative days, devised a comprehensive scheme of city evangelism, which marks an era in the religious activities of New York. Its permanent result, so far as concerns the present life of this church, is that crown jewel of our realm, Emmanuel Chapel.

But "the field is the world." We glance for a moment at the fruits of a wider evangelism. Twelve or more from the membership of this church have gone forth to foreign missionary service, among the Indians of our own land, in Syria, in Asia Minor, in India, Siam, China, and South Africa. Some have finished their course in faith, others are still enduring hardness as good soldiers of the Cross. Let me cite one example from each of the two former churches. Katharine Parker, a daughter of the most eminent surgeon in the land, enriched with all that wealth and culture and social privilege could bestow, freely sacrificed it all, and with her husband — also a member of this church — plunged into the gloom of the Dark Continent, consecrating her life to the task of helping to relieve its awful savagery.

The other example I cull from the annals of Mercer Street. George Bowen, reared in affluence, a litterateur, a philosopher, an infidel, was converted with a mighty conversion, and became, by God's grace, one of the most remarkable mis-

sionaries of modern times. Of him, Dr. Hanna, the eminent Scotch divine, has said: "He exhibited a degree of self-sacrificing devotion to which there is perhaps no existing parallel in the whole field of missionary labor." As unworldly as John the Baptist, as fervent in spirit as Xavier, his sanctity commanded the homage of the heathen in the bazaars of Bombay. Even in his student days he started in Union Seminary a wave of missionary enthusiasm which is to-day breaking on every heathen shore.

To later events and actors I may not refer, except to indicate the origin of that spirit of charity and forbearance and unity which has kept us as a church peaceful and patient amid warring forces and in troublous times. As I have indicated, University Place Church was Old School, conservative; Mercer Street Church was New School, and liberal. Twenty-five years ago the surge of city population had left both somewhat depleted and threatened with removal or extinction. It was a time when the turbulent passions of civil strife had settled into a great calm, and the power of the Holy Ghost was fusing into oneness the hearts of theologians, whose heads never could agree. God grant that such days may speedily return. The two great denominations, which had stood apart for a generation, touched by a spirit of magnanimity and fraternal confidence,

came together with great joy. Under the impulse of that heavenly afflatus, University Place Church and Mercer Street Church became one. The story of their union will be told by the one above all others fitted to tell it, the pastor of the Mercer Street Church and of the united church, who with rare skill welded the diverse elements into an enduring fabric, and into whose labors it has been my privilege to enter.

Brethren, the past at least is secure. We have been communing -- in these days of retrospect we are yet to commune — with the heroic and the holy. Thank God, they are our saints and heroes. When our coward hearts fail us, and our half-consecrated lives put us to shame, let us remember that their Saviour is our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. New duties, new opportunities, confront us. New grace will be granted us from the fountain of grace. The spirits of the glorified incite and solicit us; “wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith,—” and theirs.



SUNDAY EVENING.

*Address by the  
Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D.*

**H**AT mighty dreamer, whose cell in Bedford Jail became a second Patmos all aglow with celestial visions, has pictured the heaven-bound pilgrim at one stage of his journey as nearing the doorway of a beautiful mansion. The King had erected on the roadside this house of rest for the refreshing of travelers to the Celestial City. Beneath its roof-tree there was the solace of genial companionship. Its board was laden with appetizing and invigorating viands. It contained an armory to panoply the traveler for encounter with any who might challenge his advance. From its lofty towers there was an exhilarating prospect of the gleaming spires and battlements of the far-away city of the King. As we gather to-night within the shelter of these

hallowed walls, as our heart-strings vibrate with praise, as our spirits are uplifted with prayer, as our energies are quickened with the touch of Christian fellowship, allegory passes into reality, and we seem to have met within the hospitable enclosure of the House Beautiful.

It is a grateful task which I am charged this evening to perform. As your pastor has already suggested, I come to you from the mother church of New York Presbyterianism, to give her hearty greetings upon the completion of your fifty years of noble service for the Master whom we love. We are not bound to one another by the accident of neighborhood merely. There is a closer than a geographical tie between the "Old First" Church and the Church on University Place. There are fibers of kinship that are stirred when the story of either church is related. There is a flow of the same spiritual blood in our veins. The greeting which I am commissioned to bring you to-night comes not only from the mother church of New York Presbyterianism, but from the grandmother church of the Church on University Place. For in the bygone days, of the First Presbyterian Church was begotten the Cedar Street Church, and of the Cedar Street Church was begotten the Church on University Place. It is therefore with peculiar satisfaction that I come from the ancestral home to bear to you our warmest congratulations, and

to send you forward with such utterances of auspicious God-speed as it may be in our power to bestow.

We congratulate you to-night upon the accumulated memories of fifty years. Half a century stores the coffers of a church with a spiritual treasure of recollection passing all price. Half a century of faithful laboring for Christ, of the planting of the seed, of the maturing of the fruit, and of the garnering of the harvest, inscribes upon the tablets of memory a chronicle of deathless interest. I doubt not that, as you celebrate this memorial service, to many of you the vanished past becomes clothed with a reality that the actualities of the present cannot possess. Doubtless you are even now listening to the echo of voices that have long since raised the psalm of triumph before the throne. Doubtless, with a clearer vision than that with which you perceive the bodily presence of your friends, you are gazing with fond recollection on faces that are bright and glorious, from having looked upon the unveiled countenance of God. Simply to recall the fact that for the space of fifty years companies of holy men have yearned toward this building as their spiritual Mecca,—that during fifty years a glorious cloud of witnesses for Christ have made this church their worship-place, have enriched its altar with the incense of their prayers, and counted it all honor to expend

in its service the energy of their lives,— is fit cause for festival rejoicing. Into this edifice have been builded spiritual graces and forces which the symmetry of these arches and the strength of these pillars can only typify.

It was said by them of the olden time, that he who would leave behind him an enduring memorial, should dig a well. To the Oriental mind, the bringing of a cup of cold water to the relief of thirsty lips was a more monumental achievement than a blazon of imperishable bronze. History being the witness, such are the memorials that have defied time. The great lawgiver sleeps in an unnoted grave, but the traveler through the vale of Shechem may slake his thirst to-day at the well of Jacob. The splendor of the temple which crowned Zion's hill has departed, the debris of the past has buried it, but the tourist can still stand with reverent memory where the healing waters of Bethseda are gleaming in the sunlight. And those who are to win immortality of renown, in such a metropolitan mass of humanity as that in which we are embedded, shall be those who bequeath to the aftertime a memory of helpfulness; not those eminent alone for intellectual superiority, not those conspicuous merely for social distinction, but those who, having transfused their life into such an institution as this, have opened a fountain of perennial relief for the thirst of the soul.

We congratulate you to-night upon the lesson which you have been teaching to the community for these fifty years. It has been at no little cost that you have founded and maintained at this place a church enginery of this character. The sum total of your altar-gift in dollars, expended through this half century, is a large and commanding amount. It might raise, in this modern business age, a question that is no new one, "Why this waste?" But it is a lesson never untimely, and to our age, and in such a city, of special pertinence, that a free Gospel is a far different thing from a cheap Gospel. It is no little matter, in the way of municipal culture, for a company of people to persistently invest money in the production of noble and uplifting ideas, to devote hard cash to the perpetuating of lofty sentiment. The very closing in of business upon these down-town regions gives to the church that comes to be centered in this maelstrom of materialism which swirls through the metropolis, an opportunity to proclaim with singular emphasis its witness to the imperial worth of the human soul. The very fact that over against the gateway of one of the world's busiest money-markets towers the spire of Old Trinity, affords to that parish an enviable vantage ground for eloquent testimony to the surpassing value of eternal things. Sometimes we look backward to the Old Testament day with an al-

most pitying sympathy. We say, "How meager were the opportunities of that elder time. How cramped the horizon of spiritual view." Let us remember that from the very heart of that era there comes this throbbing watchword: "How shall I serve the Lord with that which doth cost me nothing?" Remember the splendors of tabernacle and of temple. Remember the fine-twined linen, and the purple and the scarlet curtains, broidered with gold. Remember the carved ivory work, and the vestments crusted with jewels. These things were not for the simple gratification of the æsthetic sense. This people had beheld the majesty of Jehovah when he strode in triumph through the land of Egypt and made desolate the temples of its gods. This people had looked upon the splendor of Jehovah, as He led them in triumph along the floor of a conquered sea. This people had entered with Jehovah into his council-chamber at Sinai, canopied with cloud and paved with sapphire. They needed no visible tokens to shadow forth the divine glory. They knew their King. They planned and toiled to lay before His throne the choicest and costliest outcome of their life. They brought the first fruit of harvest, representing the painstaking care of many months. They set aside for Him the firstlings of the flock, that had become most endeared to the shepherd heart. They wrought

into a sacrifice for Him the rarest thought of the artist and the utmost cunning of the craftsman. They were fain to make men see that the best they had belonged to God. The passage of the centuries have not rendered the exhibition of this principle needless. Well may your hearts be stirred within you as, remembering to-night that for fifty years, in the face of a popular sentiment that has come to deify the dollar, and define all earthly success in terms of coin, you have lavished of your wealth freely, generously, and with increasing sacrifice, as the half century went by, to make beautiful and glorious a sanctuary where the Father and his children might hold their tryst.

We congratulate you upon the achievement of a fifty years' ministry of help. The atmosphere of a great city is ever quivering with the cry for help. From the sin-sullied that have dragged their garments in the mire, and are troubled when they think of God; from the broken-hearted who moisten their daily bread with tears, and from whom the light of the sun is hid; from slaves of evil that, bound helplessly in habit's fetters, are cursing themselves and defying their future; from the despairing that have said good-by to hope; from little children that have been rifled of their heritage, a good name, and have been sent into the world branded with an iniquity not their own,

there comes welling forth that ceaseless cry which long ago went whispering across the waters of the Aegean Sea, "Come and help us. Come, oh come and help us!" During all the vicissitude of fifty years this doorway has been swung wide open, beckoning the earth-burdened into the calm and peace of heaven. And these vaulted roofs have been the gracious symbol of the quiet and the shelter that are beneath the "shadow of His wing." And these buttressed walls have been a hieroglyphic of that divine fortress into which the beleaguered soul may flee and be safe. And these aisles and pews have betokened that walking and resting in the consciousness of God's presence which is the consummation of created being.

There is an indissoluble link between our earthly and our heavenly experience. For many a day has Moses rejoiced in the blessedness of the promised land of God. But never can he forget, even upon the summits of the everlasting hills, that bleak and solitary mountain slope, where the acacia-bush burned with fire, and God spoke with him, as a man talks with his friend. Samuel has been long a dweller in the temple which is on high, but never can Samuel forget that little sleeping-closet in the curtained sanctuary at Shiloh, nor that midnight hour when he heard his name spoken by the Lord. Our Lord, by a friendly visit, made the home-room of an humble Bethany family to be

more hallowed than the courts of the temple, and by a word he invested a simple platter of bread and cup of wine with a mystic consecration such as never hallowed the cherubim of gold that bowed above the mercy-seat. Therefore, friends beloved, we pray that the blessing of the divine presence may here abide throughout long years to come. May He who walked the paths of Eden in the cool of the day tread these aisles with you and speak with you in messages of thrilling invitation, of solemn warning, and of stimulating encouragement. May He who opened the Scriptures to the perplexed hearts of the discouraged disciples drive the shadows from your souls by the revealings of His truth. May the Holy One who mitered with celestial fire the glorious company of the Apostles for their world-work, baptize your hearts with Pentecostal power. May this earthly home of your souls come to more and more foretoken that building divine, that House Beautiful, not made with hands, where communion with God shall be perfected.



Address by the

Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D.

**A**S you say, my dear brother, nothing is more human than to be neighborly, and unless the church has been mistaken all along in its interpretation of one of the most familiar of the parables, nothing is more Christian than neighborliness. Neighborhood lays on us the obligation to "rejoice with them that do rejoice." That is why I am here. We are too apt to associate sympathy with suffering and trouble, but really the duty of sympathy is just as strong when our friends are happy, as when our friends are sad. So I set it down, as I do so many other things, to the credit of your pastor, that he not only extended to me this cordial invitation to be present, and asked me in, as it were, to help to keep the feast, but that he realized how glad I

should be to fall in with his suggestion, and to accept his hospitality.

This church, the Presbyterian Church on University Place, and Grace Church across the way, are almost contemporary as regards the life of the buildings in which they worship. Grace Church antedates this church by many years, as an organization, but their edifices go back to almost the same year, if not quite the same. So that we have our semi-centennial on our hands, as you have yours, only with this important difference — that ours is only the anniversary of the edifice. Yours is of that more important event, the genesis of the spiritual house.

Fifty years ago two architects, one of them in mature life, and at the zenith of his fame, the other scarcely more than a boy, were busy in putting the finishing touches to the two stately edifices which translated their devout imaginings into form. Richard Upjohn had chosen to build in brownstone. John Renwick had preferred to build in white. But the atmosphere in which these two men lived and had their being were one and the same. They both loved the Gothic lines. They both believed that there was only one architecture that could express ideas distinctively Christian, and so although in a sense they were doubtless competitors, yet in another sense they made common cause. Since that day, the kindly

hand of time has softened the whiteness of Renwick's church, and the chisel of the stone-cutter has, on the other hand, given a lighter hue to Upjohn's church. So that there is no longer, between the two edifices, the difference that there once was.

Meanwhile, the spiritual house, the house yonder and this house, have, as your pastor has indicated, been growing closer and closer in sympathy. What have we in common? We have many things different. What have we in common? We believe in one God, the Father, Maker of heaven and earth. We acknowledge one Jesus Christ, who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven. We supplicate the in-breathing of one Holy Spirit, who is the giver of life, whose goings forth are from everlasting. Surely there is here a generous area where we, like the early Christians, may feel that we have in a deep and true sense all things in common.

But you have referred, Dr. Alexander, to another bond of neighborly sympathy, and one which deserves mention. During the eleven years that you and I have been laboring in neighborly fashion, just here in that portion of the city of New York which has come to be known as "the part of the city below Fourteenth street," many souls have immigrated, and many churches have emigrated. We are here. God grant that we

may stay here. I trust that the five or six churches that occupy the line of defense—the crosstown line of defense—where you and I are stationed, may stay here. Outward conditions may change. Streets may take on a different look. Squares may be scarcely recognizable. Nevertheless, what remains? People remain—people. And it was for people's sake that God sent his Son into the world. I pray God that we may stay here. We are set for the defense of the Gospel. It is singular that so many defenders of the Gospel seem to think that their call is to another part of the town than that in which they found themselves surrounded by all the needs, and all the wants, of which the human heart is capable.

We have our differences, dear neighbors—our theological differences, our ecclesiastical differences. You have your methods and instrumentalities for work, and we have ours. But underneath it all there is that common ground of which I spoke, which means the most.

You have referred in your remarks to the prejudices among the different denominations of Christians, but thank God for the march of religious life in recent years. Presbyterianism represents the Scottish interpretation and conception of Christianity. Anglicanism represents the English conception and interpretation of Christianity. It stands to reason that neither shadows forth all the

truth, or covers all the facts. Even now the religious intelligence of America is feeling its way to something better than either, and larger than both. The greatness of England dates from the day of the union of the crowns. It was when the Scot and the Englishman struck hands, and ceased striking swords, that Great Britain became a fact, and Greater Britain loomed in sight. Great, greater, greatest. When shall Greatest Britain swing into our field of vision? Only when what is best in all the Churches shall have been cast into the treasury of God, and the "United Kingdom" of heaven comes with power.



Address by the  
Rev. Edward Judson, D.D.

**I** AM sorry to have broken in upon this service. I could not come before. And I am sorry that I shall have to go very soon to another church, not sorry that I am going to that church, but that I am going to leave this place. I have heard what a glorious day you have had. I am only sorry that I could not share more of it with you. I always avail myself of such an opportunity to meet brethren of other communions than mine. It is when we come together, and see each other, and our hearts beat in unison, that these denominational partitions get very thin. It is when we don't know each other, that we have to each other such an unfavorable look. It is like the Englishman that I heard of once, who was walking in a London fog,

and saw an object approaching him that he thought was a monster, but when he got close up to it, he found that it was his brother John. And so when we look at each other through these denominational mists and fogs, we may appear very monstrous to each other, but when we come close together, after all it is just our brother John. It is the mist and the fog that caricature us to each other, and that is why we feel sometimes so unkind. It is because we don't know each other. You remember how sad those great words of Tennyson's are, in which he describes King Arthur's last battle:

Even on Arthur fell  
Confusion; since he saw not whom he fought,  
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew.

I want to congratulate this great, noble Church upon its staying quality. What a splendid record, that of fifty years! I often think that what Christians in New York, in this great town of ours, need, is just that staying quality. I think that the secret of success in any profession is longevity, and good behavior. Just keep alive, go into a gymnasium, eat well, sleep well, hold yourself in hand, outlive your competitors. That is what this town wants. And I am glad that

this Church is here to stay, for it has stayed, and it is going to stay, and I am glad that it is going to stay down-town.

There is a great difference in fields. God knows that it is hard enough for a church to grow anywhere in New York. There are some fields where the Church seems to grow of itself. But, friends, we have to fight every inch here.

High deeds

Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,  
But the pell-mell of men.

Like Uriah of old, we find ourselves here in the forefront of the hottest battle, and I am glad of it. I am glad that you are banded together here for this good work, down in the lower part of this town. There are many things against us. A great number of people leave us, and go up-town, to Brooklyn, that "City of Churches," and to Jersey, and Yonkers, and all about these beautiful suburbs. I don't wonder that they go, but it makes it very hard for the few of us who stay. And there come, in the place of these dear people whom we lose, those who are not friendly to us. We have much against us. Many influences creep over the down-town churches, as in dropsy the water, little by little, creeps up until at last it reaches the vitals, and

smothers out the life. So it is with the materialistic and sacramentarian influences that are submerging our city, unevangelical forces that smother the life in us. We find ourselves in a great social swamp. The people have a saloon on every corner. We catch their diseases. There is no escape from them. We must subdue them, or they will subdue us. One must be hammer or anvil. And so, dear friends, I am glad that you are holding out here. I am glad that you have a Pastor with a heart set steadfastly, and that you are standing right by him. I rejoice in it. God bless you, and cause his face ever to shine on you.

And then, too, I am delighted with the silent, unostentatious character of the work you do. Why, I was walking down Bleecker street the other day, calling on this family and that, and I came along to Bethlehem Chapel. I went up and rang the bell, and they invited me in very kindly. I looked about a little to see what you are doing, and then I saw a little light through a crack, and I said, "What is going on back there?" And they said, "There is a Band of Hope back there." And I counted one hundred and seventy-five children there that afternoon, Friday afternoon. They had an accomplished, scientific teacher, who was just holding them under a spell, teaching them of the Lord Jesus Christ. And I thought, Grand old Church, what a work you are

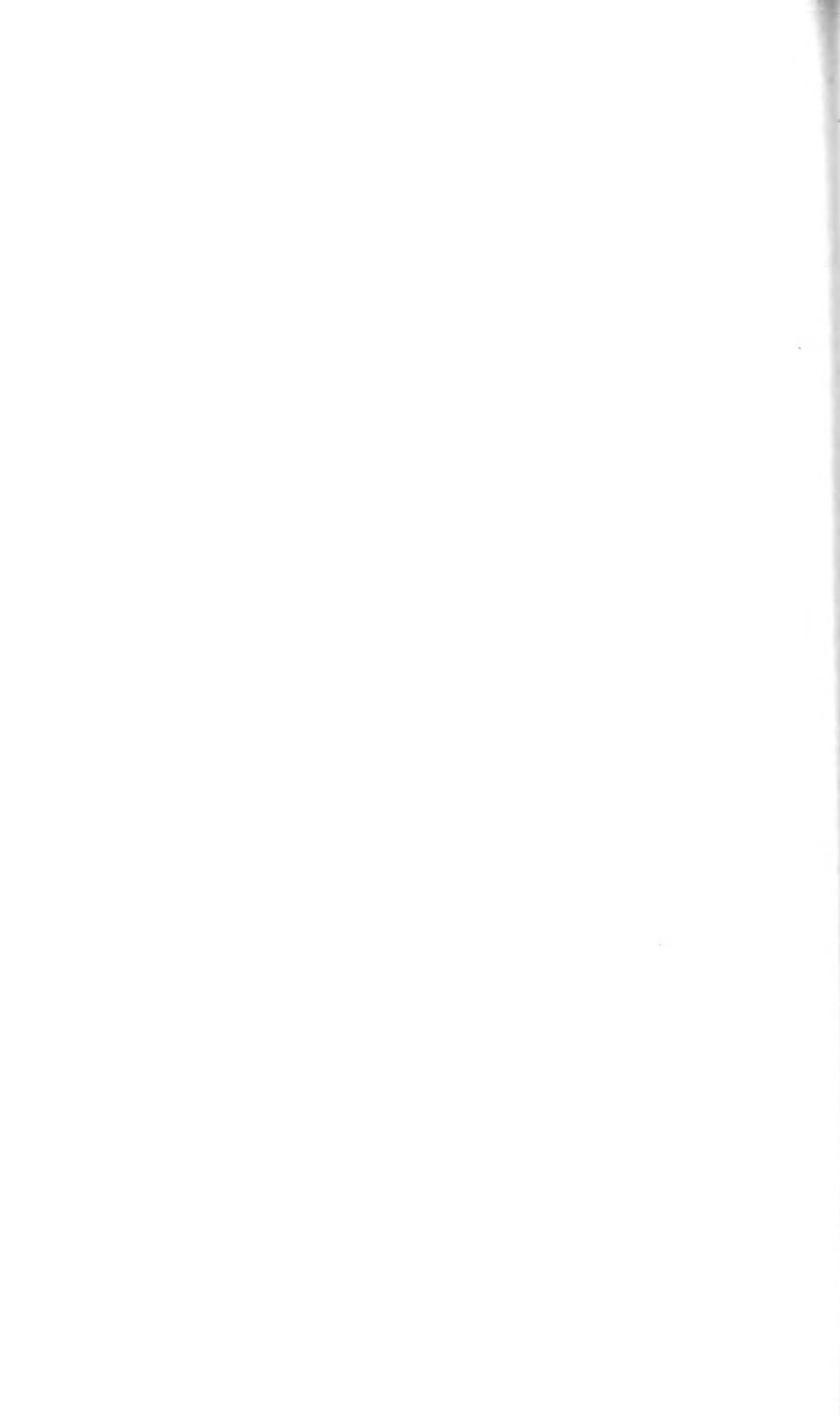
doing! The Lord bless you in it! Remember, he himself bade us be silent sometimes about his miracles. He did not boast. There was nothing sensational about his methods. Let us not boast about our work. Let us love each other. Let us join hands together, and so let us realize the difficulty of our task, and how we may work for our Lord, and have very little to show for it. Let us love him, for he first loved us.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
 The labor and the wounds are vain,  
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth  
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes are dupes, fears may be liars ;  
 It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
 Your comrades chase, e'en now, the fliers,  
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly ;  
 But westward, look, the land is bright.







REV. THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.

8:00 p. m.



SERVICE COMMEMORATIVE  
OF MERCER STREET CHURCH.

CHARLES A. DAVISON, PRESIDING.

ADDRESSES BY

REV. GEO. L. PRENTISS, D.D.

HON. WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

REV. ERSKINE N. WHITE.



MONDAY EVENING.

Charles A. Davison, Esq., presiding.

Address by the  
Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D.<sup>1</sup>

THE MERCER STREET CHURCH FROM 1835 TO 1858.

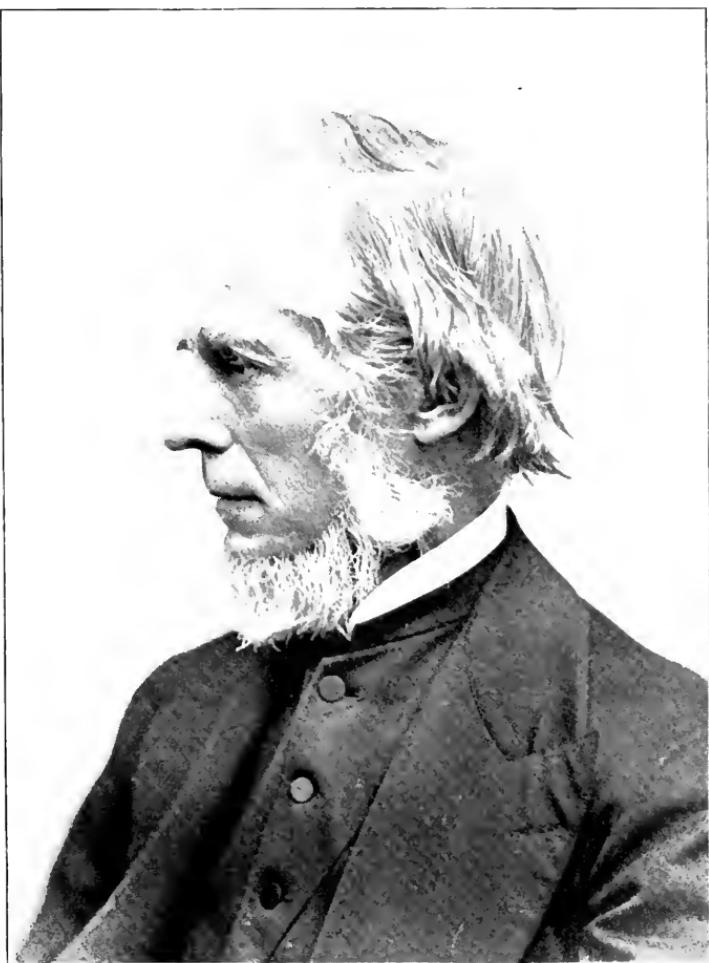
**A**HOST of grateful memories carry me back to the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. The seven years between 1851 and 1858, during which I was its pastor, were among the happiest as well as busiest of my life.

<sup>1</sup>This address was read by the pastor of the church in consequence of the enforced absence of Dr. Prentiss, as indicated in the following letter:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 24th, 1895.

"MY DEAR DR. ALEXANDER: It is to me a keen disappointment that I shall not be able in person to take part with you in the commemorative exercises to-morrow evening. The occasion is sure to be full of interest, and I had set my heart upon being present. But I shall be with you in spirit and in devout good wishes. I send you also a paper, which you will kindly accept in place of the historical address I hoped to deliver.

"I cannot tell you how my heart has been touched and refreshed by the recollections which the preparation of this paper has awakened. The very



REV. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D. D.



In many ways it was a remarkable congregation. I do not believe there was, at that time, another in the country that surpassed it in intelligence, in liberality, and weight of character; in the broad catholic spirit which marked its piety, in the strength and beauty of its family life, in rare types of personal worth and loveliness, or in Christian usefulness. The men who founded it, the motives which animated them, the religious state and temper of the times, all conspired to make it a shining light in the world.

The working of the voluntary principle in the formation and growth of new congregations is one of the striking features of our American religious life. While a certain uniformity runs through them all, their peculiar traits are apt to be as varied as the faces of the men and women who compose them. In no sphere have personal and social forces fuller play. How the congregations of New York, for example, differ in origin, in tone

invitation to participate in your exercises commemorative of the sixtieth anniversary of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, set my thoughts hurrying back into the old church, the old lecture-room and the old homes. The names of Thomas Denny, Geo. R. Lockwood, Mrs. William G. Bull, Mrs. Anson G. Phelps, and Mrs. J. W. Wheeler recall and are associated with the most precious friendships of my pastoral life.

"Allow me, dear Dr. Alexander, to send a most affectionate greeting to all those among you who were once members of my own flock; to congratulate your whole congregation upon the signal favor of heaven shown to them in calling you to be their pastor, and to utter the fervent prayer that the fruit of your joint labor in years to come may be even richer, more abundant, and sweeter than they have ever been in the past.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"(Signed) GEO. L. PRENTISS."

and temper, in the moral and spiritual atmosphere which envelops them, and in their whole individuality! The organization of the disciples of Jesus in the order, fellowship, and obedience of His gospel furnishes matter for endless study and wonder. What a benediction and lasting power for good the earnest, full-orbed disciple becomes in such a Christian brotherhood! Men of this stamp joined in founding and building up the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. They were mostly of ripe experience, of wide influence in the community, and noted for wisdom and zeal in the cause of God. Here is the record of their names and of the first steps in the movement:

On the 8th day of October, 1835, the following persons, namely, James Boorman, Eli Wainwright, Alfred de Forest, Lowell Holbrook, John L. Mason, Norman White, Roderick Curtis, Gordon Burnham, Thomas S. Nelson, Joseph C. Huntington, George A. Bicknell, and Charles Butler, preferred a request to the Third Presbytery of New York to be organized into a church, to be called "The Mercer Street Presbyterian Church," and taken under the care of said Presbytery.

The Presbytery granted the request, and the Rev. Erskine Mason, Henry White, and Henry G. Ludlow, ministers; and Abijah Fisher, David L. Lodge, and Rufus L. Nevins, elders, were accordingly appointed a committee to organize the church.

The committee met in the lecture-room of the University of New York, and organized the following persons into a church, namely: James Boorman, Mary W., his wife; Eli Wainwright, Mary M., his wife; Thomas S. Nelson, Mary, his wife; George A. Bicknell, Emeline V. P., his wife; Gordon Burnham, Marcia, his wife; and Elizabeth Roff, from the Laight Street Church; Lowell Holbrook, and Angeline Nelson, his wife, from the Second Avenue Church; Alfred de Forest from the Brick Presbyterian Church; Norman White, Mary Abiah, his wife, and Susan P. Dodge, from the Bleecker-street Church; John L. Mason, and Amelia, his wife, from the North Church; Joseph C. Huntington, Julia S., his wife, from the Bowery Church; and Daniel L. D. Huntington from the Third Free Church.

Lowell Holbrook, John L. Mason, and Norman White were appointed elders. Lowell Holbrook and John L. Mason were installed, and Norman White was ordained and installed.

Around this original nucleus soon gathered and crystallized others of like mind; among them some young men of mark who had felt the quickening touch of the great revival of the period, and were just entering upon noble careers in the service of the divine Master. Under its chosen leader the new church had hardly been organized when it began to be a great spiritual power, not in New York only, but throughout the country and round

the world. This chosen leader was Thomas Harvey Skinner. Born in North Carolina, then forty-five years old, Dr. Skinner was one of the foremost pulpit orators in the land. While yet a theological stripling, as it were, he had been installed co-pastor with Dr. Janeway of the Second Church in Philadelphia, at that time the strongest and most influential Presbyterian church in the United States. For a time his sermons made an extraordinary sensation. The young, both men and women, carried away by passionate love and admiration for him, crowded the places of worship whenever he preached. But many of the older members of the congregation, leaders in society and in business, regarded him as an enthusiast and his methods as wild-fire. A bitter outcry arose against him, and for years he was an object of intense suspicion and hostility among the strong conservatives of the day. It was most interesting, a third of a century later, to hear from his own lips the story of these fierce conflicts between the old orthodoxy and the "new divinity" as it was called. These conflicts were the school in which some of the finest lessons of his piety were learned. After years of most successful labor in a church of his own in Philadelphia, including a brief pastorate in Boston, he went to Andover as Professor of Sacred Rhetoric. This chair he filled with rare ability; but the pulpit was still his throne.

Besides preaching in his turn in the chapel, he preached often on Sunday evening to the two Academies, in which were some four hundred young persons of both sexes. His voice was frequently heard, too, in the pulpits of Boston, Newburyport, and other places. He was already well known and greatly admired in New England, and wherever he preached crowds came together to hear him. It was the era of new measures, protracted meetings and revivals, and Dr. Skinner acted on the maxim of proving all things and holding fast that which is good. His own account of a "protracted meeting" at Newburyport, at which he preached, is very striking:

"Newburyport (Whitefield's monument was here) was full of God's special presence. The meeting ended on a Sabbath evening. I have not seen a parallel occasion. Male attendants occupied the pews; females sat in the gallery. I never saw so interesting a mass of men. They were of middle age, very vigorous, healthful, masculine, intelligent, as closely packed as possible, not less in number, it was supposed, than a thousand. The large gallery contained nearly as many women. All the ministers, Presbyterians, and Orthodox Congregationalists, were present."

He then, after consultation with the ministers, made an address to the assembly, urging immediate acceptance of Christ, and signifying it by

standing up, by themselves, when the prayer was offered. When the usual "Let us pray" was spoken, some five hundred men, and nearly as many women, were instantly on their feet. The scene was imposing beyond expression. It was estimated that as the fruit of this protracted meeting, about one thousand persons were received into the churches of Newburyport and that neighborhood. Thus were his labors in New England, both as professor and evangelist, preparing him for the crowning work of his life.

He came to New York in 1835; on October 25th of that year the church was organized, and on the 8th of November he was installed as its pastor. At his funeral Dr. Henry B. Smith spoke of "the ardent and pungent evangelism, the flaming logic, of his memorable service in the Mercer Street church, built by and for him." The words happily describe one quality of this service. But it was memorable for other features not less noteworthy than "the flaming logic" that marked his preaching. The Mercer Street church was called of God to act a very important part beyond its own pale, and I doubt if any other man then living could have taken Dr. Skinner's place, and done his special work in this city. The great schism in the Presbyterian body was soon to occur. The Union Theological Seminary was about to be founded. Dr. Skinner's history, the weight

of his personal and ministerial character, his close intimacy and sympathy with Albert Barnes, Lyman Beecher, Nathaniel W. Taylor, and other leading divines in New England and the Middle States, and his position as pastor of one of the strongest metropolitan churches gave him an almost unequalled influence throughout the New School body, and also in organizing and shaping the policy of the Union Theological Seminary, as well as sustaining it in its early trials.

And now what motives guided him and his people in their work? He himself answered this question in a very impressive sermon preached at the opening of the new church edifice. His text was that beautiful passage in the LXVII. Psalm : “God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us; that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.” This sermon may serve as a key to whatever was best and most characteristic in Dr. Skinner’s ministry :

“The present times [he begins] are in many of their appearances and prognostics different from all preceding ones, and from nearly all, in this, that the Church has undertaken to evangelize the world. . . . Christians, to a wide and constantly enlarging extent, are becoming awake to the fact that evangelizing the world is a work which their Saviour has required them to attempt, and one

which, by His aid, will be accomplished. It has accordingly been systematically entered upon. The process of planting Christian churches and institutions among the unevangelized millions of mankind, with the declared purpose never to cease from the undertaking until it is gone through with, has begun, and is now going on. And it is going on under the advantage of recent inventions and improvements in philosophy and the arts. The printing-press is exerting its surprising powers on a vast scale, to give the Scriptures and other vehicles of Christian knowledge free circulation in all the tongues and dialects of man. Christian education also is patiently insinuating its quiet but resistless influences into the great mass of human ignorance. The apostles and first evangelists seem, as it were, to have risen from the dead in some of our missionaries. The character, likewise, of preaching and pastoral labor, in many parts of Christendom is undergoing an important change. . . . The general piety of the Church is gradually becoming more and more like that of the primitive Christians. In appropriate and efficient methods the private members of the churches are coöperating with their pastors in self-denying labors to bring the human mind universally under the power of the Gospel. . . . Christians in greater numbers and more abundantly than at any former period, excepting the first, consecrate their wealth

to carry benevolent plans into effect in the far distant isles, and in the uttermost ends of the earth; and we have specimens of munificence which would not have done dishonor to the Apostolic age itself. It is a privilege of the infant church which takes possession, for the first time to-day, of the place in which its future worship is to be paid to the Most High, that it has had its birth, and it is to develop its powers, and to grow to maturity and take shape and complexion, if it please, under the benign and ennobling influences of this most auspicious period. How great must become its usefulness and felicity, if it fall in with these influences and avail itself fully of them, in seeking the appropriate end of its calling and its existence as a Church of Jesus Christ! The principal design for which all Christians, whether as individuals or as associated in churches, should live and move and have their being in the world, is not selfish but benevolent, not private but public, not the advancement of their own interest separately, but of the great interest of our Lord Jesus Christ; in a word, the spread and triumph of Christianity among mankind."

What could be more prophetic of the future of "the infant church"—its future alike before and after its union with the University Place Church—than these stirring and pregnant words! How heartily it *did* fall in with the blessed influences

of the new era! How fully it availed itself of them in seeking the appropriate end of its calling and its existence as a Church of Jesus Christ! Taking, then, for granted that to evangelize the world is the great object of pursuit to all Christians, he proceeded to state the following principles by which their efforts in prosecuting this object should be regulated, namely:

1. That they should seek to propagate substantial Christianity rather than any sectarian form of it.
2. That they should lay their plans of evangelism so as to admit the coalition of all Christians.
3. That they should so conduct their proceedings as to evade as far as possible opposition from the world.
4. That, nevertheless, the utmost zeal and resolution are indispensable to carrying the work forward; but, after all,
5. That they should depend for success, not on their own exertions, however unexceptionable, but on the coöperation of the divine power.

Each of these principles is unfolded in a very lucid way and asserted with the “flaming logic” of deep conviction. I will cite a few sentences in regard to the first point:

“What Christians agree in is what makes them Christians; what they differ in is what has given rise to other names, names which will not be

known in heaven. This thought I would fain indelibly impress on every mind: that it is the faith all Christians hold in common in which salvation lies. It does not lie in points of sectarian controversy, but in those great fundamentals which unite all Christians together, and make them one brotherhood, one indissoluble body, the body of Christ. Let me state this truth strongly, for so I think it should be stated. Presbyterians are not saved by their Presbyterian peculiarities, nor Episcopalian by theirs, nor Congregationalists by theirs; but all are saved by what all hold in common, by what makes them Christians, not what makes them sectarians. A man may be a sectarian without being a Christian, and he may be a Christian without being a sectarian; and if he is but a Christian, he is a child of God and an heir to the kingdom of heaven, though every sect on earth should deny him its distinctive name.

“Shall I conceal it [he says in concluding his sermon] that it is my heart’s desire and prayer to God for this church, that it may be a church in which the spirit of the gospel may predominate over the spirit of sect, and bring forth fruits after its own heavenly and anti-sectarian kind; that it may live too much in the temper of the church above, too nigh to the throne and mercy-seat of God, and too much in communion with its blessed Head and Lord, and have too much love for souls,

and too much zeal for the general cause of Christ, to be inclined to take part in those strifes of words and doubtful disputations and party movements and contrivances, by which the face of the times, especially in this country, is beginning to be overcast. Ought I to refrain from expressing this as the most fervent of my wishes in behalf of this church?"

But it was no light task to carry out and put in practice this high ideal. Had not such a man as Dr. Skinner been its first pastor, and Norman White, John L. Mason, Francis Markoe, James Boorman, Eli Wainwright, Charles Butler, and others like them been elders and pillars in the congregation, the ideal would never have been even partially realized.

No sooner was the new sanctuary completed than large numbers crowded into it from all parts of the city, and were at once received into its fellowship and took part in administering its affairs. They had little previous acquaintance with each other, had been trained in various schools of religious thought, and differed very decidedly in their opinions and sympathies about burning questions of the day. On the tenth anniversary of the church Dr. Skinner preached a sermon of thanksgiving, in which he thus alluded to this point:

"We entered upon life as a church under auspi-

cious circumstances. But there were causes of peril in the midst of us. We increased rapidly in numbers; the accessions were from a great many other churches, strangers to one another and to us, and of widely differing views and tastes; and for the most part they were persons of mature life, and confirmed by time and experience in their respective peculiarities. The church, of course, was composed of heterogeneous members, not easy to be solidly compacted and cemented together. There was no small diversity amongst us on several subjects peculiarly exciting, and which have occasioned much agitation in the community—subjects pertaining especially to denominational proceedings of an unusual character, and to the operations and doctrines of those voluntary societies which have taken hostile positions towards one another, or have not been acceptable to all. In our infancy and unacquaintance with one another, we were certainly in danger from these internal contraries and disagreements. Slight mistakes in those who had the oversight and direction of the church might have led to serious consequences. Still, though no negative mode of proceeding has been pursued in government and discipline, our differences have not led to the formation of parties in the church or to the disturbance of its peace. And the character of the church has been gradu-

ally working itself into consistency and strength. Some, on discovering that they were not of us, speedily went out from us, and their places gradually were filled by others, sympathizing with us better in our preferences and spirit. The mass of members, meanwhile, have been coming nearer together. Time, a common teaching, and inter-communion in holy privileges and labor, have assimilated them in sympathies and spirit, and they are now probably as ‘like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind,’ as the generality of the older churches. We have been steadily increasing. The whole number admitted to the church is 785. We have erased from our register, and dismissed to join other churches, about 250. Two have been excommunicated. Nineteen, a number surprisingly small, have died, leaving in full communion at present about 514. Adding to these the children of the church, of whom 230 have been baptized by myself, the entire number associated in church covenant is not far from 780.”

The dismissal of some 250 members in the first decade shows that the process of incessant change going on in our New York congregations is no new thing. I do not refer to the changes wrought by death, for these are peculiar to no time or place; but to those which grow out of the conditions of society, of business, and of religious life

in this city. My impression is, that the changes are two or three times as great and rapid as they were fifty years ago. Half the people you meet with seem like birds sitting upon a twig, looking in every direction, and ready to fly away on the slightest impulse. They never continue in one stay. But the changes even half a century ago were so great and rapid as to create a sort of whirlpool, in which many a strong church, built of the most solid materials, and destined, apparently, to live on for a thousand years, suffered wreck and disappeared in a single generation.

The larger number of Dr. Skinner's most efficient helpers and fellow-laborers in the Mercer Street Church were still there when I became its pastor, but some had removed from the city or passed within the veil. I knew them chiefly by report, and by the good names they had left behind. Among those who had removed from the city was Richard T. Haines, so prominent for nearly half a century in the councils of the American Tract Society, and as a founder and for many years President of the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary. He was a man of calm, penetrating judgment, unassuming in all his ways, and a model of pious wisdom. Another parishioner and friend of this class was S. V. S. Wilder, a Christian merchant and philanthropist, well known at that time on both sides

of the Atlantic. He was a very interesting man, unique in some of his characteristic traits, of a princely temper, hospitable, and full of zeal for the cause of evangelical religion both at home and abroad.

Among those who had passed away from the earth were Alfred De Forest, Arthur Bronson, James Roosevelt, and Francis Markoe; all men of weight. Mr. Roosevelt was the grandfather of the late Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. A legacy from him, originally intended for this grandson, endowed and gave his name to a chair in Union Seminary. Between Francis Markoe and Dr. Skinner there subsisted a friendship of the highest type. Mr. Markoe was one of a thousand. No more attractive character, whether viewed on the natural or the spiritual side, was to be found, I suppose, in all the churches of New York. In a funeral discourse Dr. Skinner drew a delightful picture of his religious life. Here is a closing passage:

“The removal of this man, his vacant place in the church, in our room for conference and social prayer, at the Bible class, and in the families of this congregation; the ceasing of his charming voice to sound in our ears, the disappearance of his form, one of the pleasantest in all respects we have ever seen; the ending of his prayers and labors for the salvation of the world — all the beau-

tiful manifestations of his zeal for the cause of our God and Saviour, are suited to make upon us no common impression. . . . It gives a taste of heaven to hold communion with the idea of this most peculiar, Christlike character. I am unwilling to let it be long out of my thought; it has not been long away from it, by day or by night. I have found it very refreshing and sweet to me to make this discourse upon it."

Of Dr. Skinner's thirteen years in the pastorate of the Mercer Street Church I shall say nothing further. My friends, Mr. Butler, Dr. Abbott, and Dr. White, were members of his flock, and can speak on the subject from their own recollections. It is enough for me to express the opinion that to him, far more than to any other man, were due the high character of the church and those precious fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God, that made it such a light in the world.

In February, 1848, Dr. Skinner, having accepted a call to Union Theological Seminary, resigned his charge, and was succeeded in June of the same year by the Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, D.D. Dr. Stiles was a native of Savannah, Ga., and a graduate of Yale College. He studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and entered upon a professional career that promised to be brilliant and successful. But abandoning the law, he studied theology

at Andover, and then devoted himself for nearly a score of years to evangelistic labors in Florida, Georgia, and Kentucky. He was a splendid specimen of Christian manhood, whole-souled, courageous, unselfish, of indomitable energy, yet gentle, tender-hearted, and full of loving sympathies. As a popular preacher and evangelist he stood in the front rank. At times the effect of his eloquence was marvellous; for it combined in an uncommon degree intellectual power, impassioned feeling, and that spiritual unction which comes of intimate communion with God and a deep personal experience of His saving grace and love in Jesus Christ. In consequence of failing health he resigned in October, 1850, and on the 30th of April, 1851, I was installed as his successor.

My pastorate lasted just seven years, so that it embraced one whole year of Christian Sabbaths. I remember how at its close this thought startled me: "A whole year of Sabbaths, and so little fruitage!" I used, indeed, to feel exceedingly dissatisfied with myself and my work. It seemed to me that with such a people, and inheriting such examples of ministerial fidelity and zeal, I ought to have done far more than I did in honor of the adorable Master and for the souls under my care. But, notwithstanding all this, I can never cease to thank God for those seven years in the Mercer Street Church. When I received the letter from

my old friend, Mr. Davison, asking me, in your name and that of your committee, to address you to-night, I was delighted. Instantly my thoughts rushed back to the Mercer Street Church as I first knew it in the spring of 1851. How vividly I at once recalled the names and faces and peculiar ways and manners of the elders and deacons and trustees who welcomed me to New York! Mr. Chester's infant class; Mr. John Culyer, that pattern of a good sexton; the pews, and those who sat in them; the houses and streets in which the people dwelt, with all their environment, came back to me in a flash. I used often to wonder, and the wonder now returns again, whether any other man in the wide world was more highly favored of Providence than I was during those happy years between 1851 and 1858.

It was an eventful period in both the civil and the religious sphere. The fierce struggle about the Fugitive Slave Law and Mr. Webster's famous speech upon it on the 7th of March, and over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, was raging in the North and South, in the East and West. The great secession and the war for the Union were casting their dread shadows before. In the religious sphere the schism between the Old-School and New-School body was still unhealed. Sharp differences respecting home missionary policy between the New-School Presbyterians and their

Congregational brethren, and more or less among themselves, troubled both denominations. But neither the political nor ecclesiastical conflicts broke the harmony of the Mercer Street congregation. Wisdom and prudence and a large-minded temper saved them from this calamity. If there was ever any harsh feeling or factious action in regard to these questions, I have utterly forgotten it. No doubt one cause of this unbroken harmony and brotherly love was devotion to Christian work. On Sunday, the 23rd of November, 1851, I called a meeting of the congregation to be held on Tuesday evening, the 25th, in the lecture room of the church for the purpose of "considering our duties in relation to the spiritual necessities of this city and vicinity." After a free and friendly interchange of views it was resolved that "it is our duty as a church and congregation to adopt immediate and efficient measures to carry the Gospel to the destitute of our city." The meeting then adjourned to the following Sunday evening for further conference. Benjamin F. Butler, the eminent lawyer and statesman, led the discussion. He was followed by Norman White, Roe Lockwood, and James Boorman. Gorham D. Abbott and Dr. Skinner also took part in the meeting. An adjournment was then had to December 7, 1851, when the City Mission Association connected with the Mercer Street Presbyterian

ian Church was formed, and John L. Mason, Joseph B. Sheffield, Lewis Atterbury, Jr., Roe Lockwood, Benjamin F. Butler, John W. Quincy, Luther Jackson, William M. Bliss, Anson G. Phelps, Jr., William L. King, Thomas Bond, Jr., and George Manning Tracy, were unanimously elected to act as its "Executive Committee."

This association was one of the first, if not the very first, of its kind in New York. In forming it the Mercer Street people decided to make city mission-work a vital part of their local church organization and business. It was to them the beginning of a new dispensation of Christian benevolence. No event of greater importance to itself, or fuller of blessing to others, both as an example and a testimony, had occurred in the history of the Church.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Association was one of the events of the year to the whole congregation, especially in the latter part of my pastorate. The children from Avenue D and other mission stations marched, on a Sabbath afternoon, to the mother-church, where the anniversary was celebrated. The meeting was always full of pleasurable excitement and good cheer. On one such occasion Col. James B. Murray brought with him Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States, who was evidently captivated by the beautiful scene. I had a keen dislike to

President Pierce's politics, but his genial manner and friendly words at this time, I remember, quite won my heart. How these annual meetings upheld and refreshed me! Here is a simple record of the last one while I was pastor. It is dated November 22, 1857:

"Anniversary of our own and our mission Sunday-schools this afternoon. A most interesting and touching scene! The house was filled with children. It is a noble and Christlike work. May God bless the teachers and the children!"

I find also brief records, about the same time, of my joy and comfort in attending the boys' temperance meeting at Avenue D, the German Sunday-school with their Christmas tree, and the infant class of nearly eighty at Avenue A, then under the care of a dear young friend, who was afterwards known far and wide as a nurse in Union Army hospitals, and in later years has been known throughout Connecticut as a most energetic and successful worker in the great field of public charity.

Dr. Alexander has kindly sent me the minutes of the Missionary Association. They were wholly new to me, and I have read them with deep emotion. They recall pastoral scenes which had quite faded from my memory, and yet at the time absorbed all my thought and feeling. They recall a score of names, each of which is not only that

of an old parishioner, but also of an old friend, with whom, forty years ago, I took sweet counsel concerning things unseen and eternal. To one who holds the key in his hand many passages in this record have a strange interest. Under the date of April 24, 1857, for example — it was just after the great revival of that year — I find this entry :

“An informal meeting was held after the Friday evening prayer meeting. Present: B. F. Butler, Wm. Allen Butler, L. Atterbury, T. Bond. Mr. Wm. A. Butler was appointed Secretary. It was resolved that Mr. Otis W. Booth be requested to attend the Wednesday evening meeting at 118 Avenue D, and assist Mr. Loomis by keeping order.”

That is one of the grains of mustard-seed to which the kingdom of heaven is like. On Wednesday evening next Mr. Booth himself will tell the story of the growth of this grain of mustard-seed into a tree in whose branches the birds of the heaven come and lodge, singing praises unto Jesus Christ. If the Mercer Street Church had no other monument, this alone is enough to show how faithful was its stewardship, and with what precious fruits of righteousness it enriched the Master’s vineyard.

On entering the Mercer Street pulpit for the first time my eye was arrested instantly by the

sight of little children filling the gallery on my left hand. They were the children of the Half-Orphan Asylum, and I soon came to regard them as lambs of my own flock. Their presence was full of tender and kindly suggestion. What a pathetic story lay hidden behind the faces of those fatherless or motherless boys and girls! The Half-Orphan Asylum initiated me at once into a study of the charitable and humane institutions of New York. And as I acquainted myself with their work, I generally found myself in close contact with men and women of my own charge. The Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum, indeed, was at first almost a Mercer Street Society. It was organized at the house of Mr. Eli Wainwright, a most lovable old man, on the 16th of December, 1835, a bitterly cold day and memorable for the fire which commenced in the evening and laid the greater portion of the business part of the city in ashes.

The shock of this calamity led to serious thoughts of abandoning the project. It was decided, however, to go on, and soon a basement room in White street was rented and a matron engaged, who took charge of four children. On the first of the following May a house was hired in Twelfth street, and the number of children increased to forty-nine. On the 27th of April, 1837, an act was passed by the Legislature incorporat-

ing "The Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute Children in the City of New York." The names of James Boorman, Charles Butler, Eli Wainwright, and William A. Tomlinson are the first on the first Board of Trustees; Mrs. Tomlinson was First Directress; Mrs. Boorman, Second Directress; Mrs. Wheeler, Secretary; and Mrs. Littlefield, Treasurer, all members, I think, of the Mercer Street Church. Later, these well-known Mercer-street names appear among the officers and managers of this society, namely; Mrs. William G. Bull, Mrs. William W. Chester, Mrs. D. D. Lord, Mrs. Charles Butler, Mrs. John N. Bradley, Mrs. Anson G. Phelps, Emily O. Butler, Matilda Bleecker, Maria Skinner. James Boorman was its first President, and at his death in 1866 he was succeeded by Charles Butler.

I have alluded to Dr. Skinner's great influence in the establishment and support of the Union Theological Seminary. In this he had the warm sympathy and coöperation of his people. I doubt if the Seminary would have survived its early struggles for existence but for him and the Mercer Street Church. It so happened that the annual collection in behalf of the institution occurred not long after my installation. My dear friend, Henry B. Smith, had recently been called to its Chair of Church History, and I urged him to accept the appointment. I urged him to do so in the inter-

est of theological education and learning. When, therefore, I followed him to New York, and had the ear of a cultivated and wealthy congregation in hearty sympathy with Union Seminary, I seized the earliest opportunity to make an appeal for its immediate endowment. My people listened with the utmost attention; and in a few weeks a meeting of the friends of liberal theological training was held at the house of Mr. Charles Butler, at which it was resolved to raise forthwith \$100,000 as the beginning of a full endowment. This amount was soon subscribed, and in no very long time twice as much more; a third, at least, of the whole sum coming from the Mercer Street Church. Just now it may, indeed, be thought by some that the money, after all, was not wisely spent; but that, I feel sure, will not be the judgment of reasonable and good men a few years hence, when the present "unpleasantness" shall have passed away. Here are passages from my sermon, my first "begging sermon" in Mercer Street; and I must be allowed to say that they still express my opinion about Union Seminary:

"The sum and substance of what I have to say can be uttered in a few words; and you will excuse me, I am sure, if they are spoken plainly, and with the emphasis of a strong conviction,—a conviction formed long before I became your pastor. This institution of sacred learning ought to be

endowed; generously, permanently, and without delay. Its character, position, wants, and capabilities all entitle it to this service from the Christian community. The character of Union Seminary is eminently catholic in the true sense of the word; it is at once liberal and conservative. There is nothing that I am aware of in its history, nothing in its associations, nothing in its general policy, nothing in its temper, which should make this institution cleave inordinately to the past or to the future, which should render it unstable in the ways of old truth or unwilling to greet new truths with a friendly welcome, nothing which commits it to any party, or prevents its cordial relations with all parties who love the Gospel and Christian union. It stands in special connection with our own branch of the great Presbyterian family; but it numbers on its Board of Directors and among its warmest friends influential members of the other branch, while it seeks its professors and attracts its students as readily from the old Puritan body of New England as if its predilections were all Congregational. If you will have an institution occupying as catholic a ground as the distracted state of the Church in our day seems to permit, I do not know how you can well come nearer to such a plan than have the founders of Union Seminary. Its main advantages are as accessible and useful to a Baptist, a Methodist, an Episcopalian,

or a Congregationalist, as to a Presbyterian; and students of all these and of other denominations have availed themselves of them. Let it be understood that in what I have said, or may say, I cast no reflection upon any other seminary. All honor to Princeton, and Lane, and Auburn, and Andover, and Bangor, and New Haven, and others, of whatever name, that are doing the Master's work! . . .

"As the seat of a liberal and profound theological culture, New York ought to stand foremost in the land. She ought, for her own sake. There is, perhaps, no other power, after the Word preached, which would do more to preserve her Christian influence, wealth, and enterprise from falling a prey to the show, self-aggrandizement, and other vices incident to the predominance of a commercial spirit. She ought, for the sake of our country and the world. Let a wise, tolerant, Christian theology flourish here, and it would diffuse a beneficent radiance over the land, and even among pagan nations. The position, then, of the Union Seminary is unsurpassed, both for the training of ministers and the cultivation of sacred learning. For this reason its founders planted it in the city of New York.

"Let me now speak of its wants. These are many, important, most reasonable, and, in my judgment, challenge the immediate attention of its

friends. It wants, first of all, to be assured of its own existence; *it wants an endowment.* It is not seemly; it is a reproach and dishonor to the Christian community that such an institution, where the pious young men of the Church are training to become her pastors, her divines, and her missionaries to the heathen, should be begging its bread, should subsist on her precarious charities. No denomination that has any genuine self-respect will allow such an anomaly long to exist if there be the means of preventing it. Permanent institutions like this ought to be exempt from commercial revulsions and the fluctuations of trade. If we cannot give them an assured and independent existence on any other terms, we had better do it even by mortgaging our church edifices. The tree is far more important than its fruit, the fountain than its passing streams. I repeat, the Union Seminary wants to be assured of its existence; but it wants a great deal more—it wants the means of making that existence honorable, vigorous, efficient, commensurate with the work it is called to do; worthy of, not a practical satire upon, the Christian liberality of this great and opulent city. . . .

“I have the clearest conviction that the Union Seminary is capable of doing a great work for Christ and the Church. It has already done much; not a few of the most useful ministers in

the land, not a few of our best missionaries among the heathen, are its alumni. Already, too, has it made invaluable contributions to the higher theological literature of the age. But I trust it has a still nobler career in the future. I look forward to the time when young men of piety and generous endowments shall flock to it in thousands from all quarters of the Republic, from California and Oregon, and the islands of the sea, even; when its library shall be the resort of Christian scholars from neighboring towns and cities; when its professorships shall be multiplied so as to embrace one for each great branch of sacred lore; when it shall be the pride and glory of our churches, and its treasury be continually enriched by the princely donations of the living and the dying; when, in a word, it shall be such a nursery of men of God, and such a citadel of holy faith, as the voice of Providence commands us to build up in this emporium of the New World."

But I need not enlarge on this part of my subject. A few sentences from my farewell sermon will suffice to indicate better than any present description what was the spirit and main business of this Church during my pastorate:

"It is my ardent hope that in the future, as in the past, this Church will be distinguished by a generous and far-sighted zeal for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, the Bible Society, Christian

colleges, and the other great agencies of religious benevolence and learning. Continue, I entreat you, in particular, to be friendly and liberal to the Union Theological Seminary. It is a most important institution, vitally connected with the cause of Christ at home and abroad. It owes you a vast debt of gratitude. I trust you will delight to make that debt larger and larger. Let your own Missionary Association still be dear to you. I rejoice to think that this Association was formed under my ministry, was one of the first, if not the first, of the kind in the city, and that both by example and by its mission schools, boys' meetings, and the like, it has done already inestimable good. What a joy and solace it has been to see so many of you, old and young, engaged personally in this blessed work! I commend to your special favor that portion of it lying among the large German population. Its importance cannot be overestimated."

And now, before closing, allow me to add, largely to please myself, a few personal notices and recollections. Old men, whose faculties and interest in life are still fresh and unimpaired, have always greatly attracted me. There were a good many of them in the Mercer Street Church. Francis Markoe and S. V. S. Wilder were such men in Dr. Skinner's day; Stephen Allen, James Boorman, Anson G. Phelps, William G. Bull,

Uriah Rogers Scribner, and Thomas H. Skinner, were such in my day.

Stephen Allen had been Mayor of New York, and was one of its most eminent Democratic citizens. He was a self-made man, upright in all things, of strong common-sense, and a unique personality. I at once took a liking to him, and I think he liked me. He had been affected a good deal by both Quaker and Unitarian influences, but gave every indication of being a true disciple of Jesus. I said to him one day: "Mr. Allen, why do you not join the Church?" "I would gladly do so," he replied, with a characteristic smile, "but I cannot assent to some points in your long creed. I believe in the atonement and saving grace of Christ as Redeemer of the world, but I am a little heretical on your doctrine of His supreme deity." "Well, suppose, then, that on this point I substitute the article in the Apostles' Creed, and ask your assent to *that* only?" "Then I should be ready to join the Church without delay." I reported the case at the next meeting of the Session, and to my delight, as also somewhat to my surprise—for several of the elders were old-fashioned Calvinists—it was voted unanimously that I might omit the clause in our local creed, and say, instead, "Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus

Christ, His only Son?" Without having met the Session, the aged man stood up alone at the next communion in the midst of the great congregation and confessed Christ as his Saviour. It was an unspeakably touching and impressive scene. Before the return of another communion, Mr. Allen lost his life at the burning of the steamer *Henry Clay* on the Hudson River.

James Boorman was an old man of another type; equally strong-minded, but more orthodox and broader in his aims and sympathies. He was a native of Kent, England. He came to this country when a boy of twelve years, and was apprenticed to Davie Bethune, father of that noble man, George W. Bethune, the celebrated pulpit orator. Before many years had passed, he established a firm of his own, and was recognized as one of the leading merchants of New York. He founded the Bank of Commerce, and for many years was a ruling spirit in the Chamber of Commerce. But his greatest achievement was in the planning and construction of the Hudson River Railroad. He was a member of the Laight-street congregation while it was under the care of Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox. Dr. Cox once gave me a most interesting account of Mr. Boorman's conversion. His whole subsequent course showed how sincerely and thoroughly he gave himself up to the service of God. Accustomed to take

large views in the sphere of business and worldly affairs, he carried the same habit of mind into religion. His charities embraced the principal organizations of benevolence, both in the city and country; they were numerous, constant, discriminating, and often on a very liberal scale. He had, perhaps, more to do with the founding of the Mercer Street Church, and bringing Dr. Skinner from Andover to take charge of the movement, than any other man. Its successive pastors were sustained and cheered by his friendship, his wise counsels, and his unfailing generosity. He was very conservative in his sentiments, both theological and political — more so, at times, than his pastor — but he respected an honest difference of opinion, and was a parishioner to be trusted and leaned upon without misgiving. The so-called "Southern Aid Society" was largely supported by his liberality, and no sooner was the Civil War over than his charities began again to flow South. He took special delight in the Half-Orphan Asylum, of which he was one of the founders and the first President; and it was worth a long journey just to see his happy face at the anniversaries of that excellent society. I am rejoiced to pay this tribute to his memory.

Anson G. Phelps differed not a little from both Stephen Allen and James Boorman. He, too, was a man of very strong, original, and marked

character. He brought with him from Connecticut, his native State, the best New England qualities. On coming to New York he joined the Brick Church, of which he was for many years an efficient elder. He filled the same office in the Mercer Street Church. Self-reliance, an iron will, solid judgment, a sagacious power of combination and forecast, indomitable perseverance, shrewd common-sense, a physical constitution capable of immense labor and endurance—these were among his leading traits. But there were others of a gentler nature, and all of them were tempered and restrained by earnest religious principles. He was a genuine Christian philanthropist of the most catholic type. The interests of the colored race, both in this country and in Africa, were especially near his heart. He used to thank God for the privilege of living in such a glorious day. He was the first and head of a wide family circle whose benefactions enriched the cause of piety and learning, and enrich it still to the third and fourth generations.

William G. Bull was another of the old men who welcomed me to New York, and whose name I can never recall without very grateful feelings. “What was Mr. Bull’s office in the Church?” I was asked the other day. “His office in the Church during my pastorate,” I replied, “seemed to be that of a special providence to take care of

me and my family." He received me, with my wife and children, into his hospitable home when I first came to the city; he hired a house for me, had it refitted, and saw me and mine safely settled in it; he entertained us at his seaside cottage season after season; he kept an eye upon all my interests; and when my health broke down and I resigned my charge, he went round among the people and obtained generous subscriptions that carried me and my family to Europe and purchased our rest there for more than two years. What Mr. Bull was to me he was to many others, a most kind and caretaking friend. Not a little of his time was spent in varied forms and acts of charity. He had traveled, had passed years on the other side of the globe, and was every inch a Christian gentleman of the old school, without pretension and without guile.

Uriah Rogers Scribner was the father of Charles Scribner, founder of the eminent publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons. I knew him chiefly in his last days, when lying on a sick and dying bed. It was my privilege at that time to talk to him concerning the way of salvation, and to cheer him with the exceeding great and precious promises of the Gospel. With what childlike simplicity he trusted in his Redeemer! I shall not easily forget the hour when I baptized him, and then, in company with his household

and elders of the Church, administered to him the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. It was a most touching scene.

I have already given my impression of Dr. Skinner as a pastor and teacher. Let me now say a word about him as I knew him in private. In his character nature and grace were united in the finest proportions. Old age often borders upon second childhood; in his case it bordered close upon first childhood, the fresh, sweet dawn of the bright morning of existence mingling with and beautifying its sober evening. He seemed as unconscious of his own virtues as if it had never crossed his mind that he *could* possess them. A more transparent, unsophisticated, guileless, and single-eyed human being I never saw. How unsuspecting, how frank and trustful, and magnanimous, he was! How untainted by the vanities and ambitions of the world! How he hated all sorts of double-dealing and selfish manipulation, political or ecclesiastical! What shall I say of his freedom from envy, jealousy, and like passions, which, alas! sometimes steal even into the hearts of ministers of the Gospel. Mrs. Gillman once told me, that during the nearly twenty years which Coleridge passed at Highgate she never heard him utter an angry word against the literary enemies who wrote malicious things about him; and such was his happy faculty of

not seeing the faults, and of magnifying the virtues, of his friends, that anybody he really loved was sure of his unbounded admiration. It was somewhat so with Dr. Skinner. There may have been a touch of weakness in it, but great and good men are apt to have just such weaknesses. He was a model hearer. I never saw another quite like him. He drank in the simplest Christian truths as if they had been uttered by a man inspired. When I became pastor of the Mercer Street Church I was afraid of him among my hearers. There was not a man, woman, or child in the congregation of whom I might not as well have been afraid. As a disciple of Jesus he attained heights seldom trodden in our day. Grace had permeated every part and the lowest depths of his being. He had made the long circuit of the Christian life, and was thus brought back again, enriched with the treasures of a great experience, to the unquestioning, childlike trust and simplicity of its lowly beginning. One of his old and most intimate friends testified, on hearing of his death: "I thank God on every remembrance of him, as the holiest man I have ever known." His last days were among his best and happiest. "Age" (to borrow the words of Dr. William Adams spoken at his funeral), "age had impaired none of his faculties, only imparted additional serenity to his countenance, sweetness to his

manners, and beauty to his character, as the disk of the setting sun seems to be larger, and its luster to be softer, than when in its meridian. How calmly has he been sitting in his stall in the cathedral of life, with the banner of Christ's love over his head, waiting for the service to be over, that he might say with all his heart, Amen." Dr. Charles Hodge, on hearing of his death, wrote to the Faculty of Union Seminary: "For more than fifty-five years I knew, loved, and honored him, and was loved and trusted by him. I cannot forbear entering my claim to be counted among the oldest and most devoted of his friends. He was a man by himself. The union of high gifts with the most transparent, childlike simplicity of character, gave him a peculiar position in the love and admiration of his friends."

At the time of his conversion Dr. Skinner was much aided by the counsels of a pious slave, named Eden. Eden had been offered his freedom, but refused to accept it. I think it would be hard to find in the annals of Christian friendship anything finer in its kind than the love to each other of these two men. Eden died in 1859. Soon after, Dr. Skinner made a journey to North Carolina and preached a memorial discourse upon him. "I was happy," he wrote, "in my friendship with this humble man. Distance did not diminish it. We took pains to cherish and con-

firm it. By agreement, we daily remembered each other, particularly in prayer. Twice he traveled several hundred miles by sea to visit me, and the anticipated pleasure of seeing him was always among the motives of my annual journey to the South. Rather to be chosen than great riches and great distinction in the world was the interest I had in my friend Eden's prayers, of low estate though he was."

Dr. Skinner died on the 1st of February, 1871, in the eightieth year of his age. He was very warmly attached to my wife, both for her father's sake and her own, and she cherished an almost filial reverence and affection for him. It was her privilege to spend some hours by his dying bed, and to listen, awe-struck, as he "broke forth" (to use her own words) "into the most wonderful expressions of love to his Saviour," closing with several stanzas from the hymn of Watts beginning:

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly but to Thy breast?  
For I have sought no other home;  
For I have learned no other rest.

She could not repress her wonder that Providence should have allowed her to witness a scene so radiant with the light of Heaven.

While speaking of old men of that period how can I help thinking of the venerable patriarch,

who, surviving not them only, but the great majority of the next generation also, yet lives on to bless his friends and the world! How can I help thinking of Charles Butler and thanking God that he is still with us! Charles Butler's name is one of the first among the founders of the Mercer Street Church, among the founders of the Union Theological Seminary, among the founders of the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum, among the founders of the University of the City of New York, among the founders of the Union League Club, and I know not how many other institutions. May it please God to spare him to see with undimmed eyes the dawn of the twentieth century!

Did time permit, I would gladly speak of Samuel R. Betts, the learned jurist and for more than forty years United States District Judge; of James R. Gibson, R. Sedgwick, Col. J. J. Van Alen, Col. James B. Murray, David Magie, and others who were far along in life in 1858. Of the men belonging rather to the next generation and of those still younger, my recollections are still vivid, and I could talk about them for hours — such men as Judge John L. Mason, James Wright, R. Bigelow, William Shaw, Norman White, Benjamin F. Butler, Joseph B. Sheffield, Edgcumbe H. Blatchford, John G. Nelson, James Stokes, I. N. Phelps, Henry Calhoun, A. Averill,

Rev. Dr. Badger, Rev. W. H. Bidwell, C. W. How, Dr. Metcalfe, W. P. Wainwright, C. S. Wainwright, D. Geer, Rufus E. Nevins, Cornelius Smith, Samuel Leeds, Dr. Markoe, Dr. Blakeman, Dr. Peaslee, Professor John Torrey, Marshall O. Roberts, O. Bushnell, H. M. Schieffelin, H. P. Peet, J. H. Wheeler, John W. Quincy, Thomas Bond, Marshall S. Bidwell, J. B. Varnum, William C. Noyes, John Vanderbilt, A. J. Snyder, Isaac Meeker, G. I. Leeds, Justus E. Earle, Andrew Thompson, Mr. Wardwell, Dr. Warren, Henry Abell, Dr. H. M. Bulkley, David P. Hall, George R. Lockwood, Charles M. Earle, William H. Osborn, M. Allison, Anson G. Phelps, Jr., James A. Tilford, Rufus Park, John Lowery, Gen. Bowen, G. L. Isham, William L. King, M. M. Vail, Dr. Batchelder, William G. Rule, Charles Miles, William M. Bliss, C. A. Davison, J. F. Worth, Theodore McCurdy, H. V. Butler, T. B. Bronson, A. H. Van Vechten, Horace Gray, Jr., William B. Greene, J. George, C. S. Benson, Otis W. Booth, Albert Storer, Anson P. Stokes, James Stokes, Ogden Butler, E. N. White, C. B. Farnsworth, P. H. Vernon, H. H. Anderson, Geo. F. Root, W. Atwell, Lyman Abbott, R. M. Buchanan, D. C. Porter, Albert Buck, and a score more, "good men and true," several of them men of great mark and wide influence; all of them men to whom I was warmly attached, some of

them very dear personal friends, whose names I still carry in my heart. How closely are not a few of these names identified with some of the tenderest memories of my Mercer-street pastorate! The names, for example, of Edgcumbe H. Blatchford, Anson G. Phelps, Jr., and Benjamin F. Butler.

Mr. Blatchford was an uncle of the late Justice Blatchford, of the United States Supreme Court, and not inferior, I think, to that very able jurist in natural endowments or in legal attainment. He had greatly endeared himself to the Church, to his brothers of the Session, and to all who knew him. Various circumstances brought me at once into very close, affectionate pastoral relations to him. He furnished a bright example of the way in which Christ may be honored in the chamber of lingering sickness and death. He was a man of signal excellence, clear and discriminating in judgment, of uncommon energy and force of will, decided in his convictions, faithful and laborious in his calling, a patriotic citizen, and every way worthy of the universal respect and esteem with which he was regarded. His domestic affections were singularly tender and fervent. He was indeed a model Christian man. It is very pleasant to me, after more than forty years, to pay this passing tribute to his memory.

Anson G. Phelps, Jr., died very suddenly just

before I went abroad. I loved him like a brother, and my love, I know, was fully returned. Almost my last sermon was in memory of him. Here are a few sentences from it, and after seven and thirty years I would not change a word :

“ None knew him but to honor and to love him, while those who knew him best loved and honored him with an uncommon affection. They were themselves scarcely aware of its great depth and fervor, until it pursued him across the immense chasm of death. He was one of those rare beings whose existence is a constant benediction, but who move on through life with such noiseless steps, who speak and act in a way so unpretending that when they are gone the world is astonished to find out what a treasure it possessed in them. He ‘put a strange face on his own perfection.’ Nobody thought so little of him as he did of himself. He shrank from mere publicity, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the rude touch. He avoided observation as eagerly as most men run after it. At the voice of friendly praise and affection, I have seen his countenance tinged with that delicate, pleased, half-blushing expression which delights one in the face of a simple-hearted girl.

“ Hardly another man of his age in this city or in this whole land was so identified with some of our most important Christian interests at home

and abroad, and yet it would have been next to impossible to make him believe it. Hardly another man of his age among us gave to religious and philanthropic objects with so princely a hand, and yet I do not suppose he prided himself upon his charities one iota more than the poor widow, who, all unaware that the Son of God was looking on, cast into the treasury her two mites, which make a farthing. . . . At his death he was still a young man. Less than two score years inclosed his mortal existence, and little more than ten years sufficed him to run his brilliant course of Christian usefulness. . . . His home, especially his rural home, was the place where alone all the finer traits of his character were to be seen. There his cultivated taste, his gentle domestic virtues, his love of nature, and the whole ideality of the man shone in all their luster. His passion for the country was like that of an artist or a poet. He would sit by the hour in some favorite spot, overlooking the splendid scenery of the Hudson, and seem to absorb into his very soul the glories of creation. There alone, or hand in hand with his almost inseparable companion, he would wander over his wide acres, sit down under the old trees, and muse in wonder upon the things which are unseen and eternal."

Benjamin F. Butler went abroad with his two youngest daughters in October, 1858, and died

suddenly at Paris, early in November. I had hoped to meet him there and to pass several weeks in his company and that of his daughters. He was one of the most honored and beloved, as well as useful, members of the Mercer Street Church, a man of singular purity and refinement, of the sweetest domestic affections, an enthusiastic lover of good books and good learning, distinguished equally as a lawyer, jurist, and patriotic citizen, and to crown the whole, an humble, devout Christian. In those days party feeling and prejudice ran very high, and as Mr. Butler was for some time a member of President Jackson's Cabinet and a warm personal friend of the old hero of the Hermitage, as also of Mr. Van Buren, he did not escape either the misrepresentations or the calumny which are so apt to be the portion of even the best public men. But no one could know him as I did without admiring and loving him. If I were asked to mention uncommon examples of fidelity and highmindedness, both in the secular and religious sphere, which during a long life have arrested my own special attention, Mr. Butler's name would spring to my lips among the very first. It was these noble qualities, quite as truly as his legal ability and what Judge Kent called his "matchless assiduity," which placed him, in his twenty-ninth year, by the side of John Duer and John C. Spencer

as a reviser of the Statutes of the State of New York. One of his favorite books was Dean Milman's splendid edition of the works of Horace. Upon my return from Europe, in the autumn of 1860, his daughters presented me with the beautiful volume, and I cherish it still as a very fitting memento at once of their father's scholarly tastes and culture, and of their own goodwill. On one of its fly-leaves I find this inscription: "Donum (mihi per gratum) filii mei dilecti, Gulielmi—die primo Januarii. MDCCCLI. B. F. B." Mr. Butler's eloquence at the bar and on the platform was of a very high order, while his familiar talks at the weekly prayer-meeting and in conference with his brethren were charming. What edifying and delightful services I recall, when he and Judge Mason and Roe Lockwood and J. B. Sheffield and others not less spiritually gifted, along with Dr. Skinner and Henry B. Smith, were the speakers!

In enumerating members of the Mercer-street congregation between 1851 and 1858, I have purposely omitted the names of Thomas Denny, Roe Lockwood, John P. Crosby, William Allen Butler, Benjamin F. Butler, Jr., Gurdon Buck, Charles H. Leonard, Charles White, Frederick G. Burnham, J. J. Townsend, John H. Sprague, George B. DeForest, Charles W. Woolsey, Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, H. B. Washburn, George F. Betts,

Edwin Curtis, Horace Kimball, D. D. Lord, W. O. Curtis, Robert H. McCurdy, and T. B. Woolsey; for these along with Dr. Skinner, Professor Henry B. Smith and Charles Butler, were the original nucleus and leading founders of the Church of the Covenant. This Church may almost be said to have been a colony, or branch, of the Mercer Street Church. Before I went abroad, the subject of starting a new congregation somewhere in the neighborhood of Murray Hill was under earnest discussion. I find this record under date of December 17, 1857: "Session meeting about starting a new church up town." The early execution of the plan was prevented by my resignation. But it was revived and carried out after my return from Europe in the autumn of 1860; and I may here add that if the new church did good work for Christ and His cause during its short existence—and I think it did—some of its best lessons in the blessed art were learned under the teaching and influence of Dr. Skinner and the Mercer Street Church.

I have spoken thus far chiefly of the men of the congregation; but how meager would have been the fruit of their labor, had they not been sustained and inspired continually by devout women; by such women, for example, as Mrs. John L. Mason, Mrs. Eli Wainwright, Mrs. Tom-

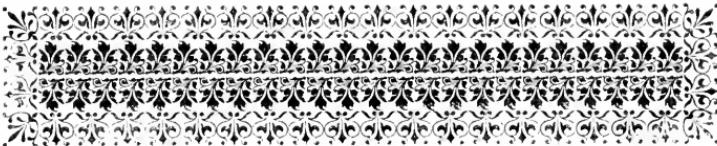
linson, and Mrs. James Stokes, not to mention others like them. These noble women, each in her own way and sphere, were so many veritable institutions of Christian work and charity and loving kindness. Nor was their loving kindness before the public alone. How well in the case of two of them I remember it stealing, like a strong angel of light, into my own darkened home and pouring itself forth upon my poor, agonized wife and our dying "Robbie"!

I had intended, before closing, to speak of the homes of the Mercer Street Church, as also of the influences which rendered many of them almost faultless patterns of all that is most excellent in Christian family life; but I have no time to do it. Nor, if I had, would the task be easy; for it would involve a faithful description of not a few of the best and loveliest women I ever knew. It was in the atmosphere of these homes that the "Little Susy" books, "Henry and Bessie; or, What They Did in the Country," "The Flower of the Family," and "More Love to Thee, O Christ," were written. An old Hebrew proverb says that "the glory of children is their fathers." This is a true saying; but it is no less true that the glory of children, oftentimes the greater glory by far, is their *mothers*. What a different sixtieth anniversary this would be if the foundations of the Mercer Street Church had not been laid

in a wholesome, pure, and godly family life. The women of the congregation were not less remarkable for the sweet household virtues which adorned so many of its homes, than the men for those sturdier, more public virtues that made so many of them pillars in Church and State. In order to depict these homes, as I remember them forty years ago, my pencil would have to be dipped in fairer colors than those of earth. There was around them

. . . such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

The mothers, wives and daughters, whose presence transfigured them, were fashioned by the Eternal Spirit; they followed Christ as their example, and learned their lessons of household wisdom and goodness at His feet. Some of them still live to cheer and bless the world; but by far the greater number long ago were joined to the more congenial fellowship of saints and angels in the better country, a country of their own, and there may we be so happy as to see them again, face to face.



## *Address by*

### *William Allen Butler.*

**W**HEN my friend and professional brother, Mr. Davison, called on me with the kind invitation of the Church to participate in these commemorative exercises, I was on the eve of an excursion to the coast of Norway. In that romantic region the traveler finds himself withdrawn from the wind-swept waves of the outer ocean, and conveyed on the tranquil waters of some mighty fjord, between towering, snow-capped cliffs, through scenes of unsurpassed beauty and sublimity, far inland, until his vessel anchors by a remote hamlet, girt about with solemn peaks, refreshed by perennial streams, bright with the verdure of summer and over-arched by a cloudless sky.

Somewhat kindred to this has seemed to me our experience to-night. While listening to Doctor Prentiss's most interesting paper, we have been withdrawn from the agitation and unrest of our daily strivings and activities and borne on the smooth current of reminiscence and retrospection to a distant and sacred spot where we have lingered among memories and associations of the past, radiant with the beauty of benevolent lives, bright with pure examples, and crowned with the benediction of heaven.

In our Presbyterian, non-prelatical, non-liturgical system, the personality of the pastor is apt to be the measure of the vitality, the prosperity, and the power of the Church to which he ministers. In the absence of a prescribed order of worship or form of words for the administration of the sacraments or the solemnization of marriage or the burial of the dead, the minister, with such aid as the Church Session over which he presides may afford, is, in fact, what the Form of Government makes him by designation, a bishop whose diocese is his particular Church.

When the Mercer Street Church came into existence in 1835, and called as its pastor Doctor Thomas H. Skinner from his chair as a professor at Andover Theological Seminary, he at once impressed upon the organization his own unique individuality.

True, he was aided by strong men, elders, deacons, trustees, who were representative of whatever was best in the social, civic, professional and commercial life of New York, and by a church membership of corresponding strength. We should not be here to-night to commemorate the founding of that religious society if its founders had not been noteworthy. But when we summon from the shadowy past the forms of that goodly fellowship, the one foremost and most conspicuous is the saintly figure of the chiefest among them who was their minister, without stole, or sleeves of lawn, or jeweled ring, or crozier, but none the less an apostolic bishop, a worthy successor, in the true spiritual line, of Leighton and Jeremy Taylor, of Fénelon and Augustine.

The Mercer Street Church, in its relation to Presbyterianism, was in accord with the advanced movement which placed the so-called "New School" upon the vantage ground of a closer sympathy with human freedom and a more tolerant theology than had been possible under the old organization, while as an individual Church it sought to establish in this metropolitan and commercial center a religious society whose distinct and distinguishing feature should be the personal unworldliness of its members and their fidelity to a life of piety.

This was attempted largely through a system

of church services which, under the ministry of Doctor Skinner, formed what, in the retrospect, must be regarded as a remarkable instance of religious regulation.

More than half a century ago one of the most brilliant of English essayists, in the pages of the "Edinburgh Review," pointed out the resemblance between the "Spiritual Exercises" of Ignatius de Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits, and the "Rise and Progress" of Philip Doddridge, a work published two centuries later, of which he says "the 'Spiritual Exercises' might have afforded the model, so many are the points of contact between those who, ranging themselves round the great objects of Christianity as their common center, occupy the most opposite positions in that expanded circle." Both the Jesuit Loyola and the Protestant Doddridge attempted to excite, control and regulate spiritual sensibilities by initiating and carrying on a regular succession of devotional acts and experiences; and in the Mercer Street Church there was a striking correspondence with the extremes of Loyola and Doddridge, with either of whom in intensity of earnestness and fervor of zeal Doctor Skinner may well be compared.

This was strikingly exhibited in the services of the Church on the weekly Day of Rest. They began with the morning session of the Sunday

School from 9 to half-past 10, followed by the morning service, at which the sermon occupied an hour and sometimes more; an afternoon session of the Sunday School from 2 to 3 o'clock, followed by the second service of the Church with a sermon of from forty-five minutes to an hour, supplemented by an evening prayer meeting, at which a full attendance was expected, where Doctor Skinner, entering from his adjoining house, in slippers feet, would add to the exhortations of the elders an extemporaneous sequel to the sermons of the day, often rising to a height of eloquence, but always under the stress and strain of his sacred day of overwork. Besides these Sunday services, there were two weekly meetings; a teachers' meeting; and other services, with occasional special and continuing services and Fast days.

Far be it from me to institute any comparison, favorable or adverse, between the methods to which I have referred and those which obtain to-day. To do so would be to venture on ground from which laymen are warned off and on which, so far as I know, they have no disposition to trespass. What I am emphasizing is simply the fact of the existence in the Mercer Street Church of a condition of things all of which I saw and part of which I was, widely differing in many respects from our present modes of Church life, and it is,

perhaps, due to ourselves to recall for a moment the different state of things which made possible that earlier religious régime and round of duties. One thing seems to be established—that this apparently excessive amount of Sunday and week-day religious work was not injurious to the physical wellbeing of the Church members. A total of nineteen deaths in ten years out of a Church membership of between seven hundred and eight hundred, as shown by Doctor Skinner's Thanksgiving sermon of 1845, certainly exhibits a remarkably healthy condition.

At the time of which I have been speaking New York was a city of less than 250,000 inhabitants. There were still residences of leading citizens on Bowling Green, on lower Broadway, Park Place, St. John's Square and Bleecker street. The population in the new neighborhood of the Mercer Street Church included very many of the best citizens who made up its congregation and carried on its work. In those days it took three or four weeks to cross the Atlantic and to get the news even from England; foreign travel was the privilege of a few; railroad construction was in its infancy; the telegraph had not been invented; the photograph and the stereopticon were not dreamed of; the tidal wave of modern fiction had not submerged the landmarks of the more serious and classic English literature; the

theater was under a justly proscriptive ban; entertainments available to members of the Mercer Street Church were very few and the teaching of the Church was in aid and enforcement of the strictest religious life. The line of demarcation between the Church and the World was closely drawn. The secular press was not in touch, as now, with the religious movements of the day, and in respect to them the denominational newspapers were the almost exclusive sources of information. The broad humanitarian field upon which all Christians now unite was then almost an undiscovered country, and it was in what now seems to us a narrow and restricted sphere that there was opportunity for a far more rigid conformity to religious rule than would be possible to-day.

Doctor Skinner was preëminently a man of saintly character and life, whose whole aim was the bringing home the truths of the Gospel to the minds and hearts of men.

As a very marked instance of his sincerity and singleness of purpose must be noted his willingness to surrender his pulpit to the special ministrations of men, certainly not his equals in intellectual ability, but possessed of special gifts as evangelists. One of these was Doctor Edward Beecher, whose death, at the age of ninety years, occurred during the past summer, and who, when

in his prime, carried on a series of revival services in the Mercer Street Church, Doctor Skinner relinquishing to him the charge of the Sunday services and weekly meetings and almost literally sitting at his feet as St. Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel.

Another of these was Doctor Edward N. Kirk, who, on repeated occasions, was virtually installed in the Mercer Street Church and became a dominant factor in its religious life and work. Doctor Kirk was a man of rare endowments and a peculiar personal charm; a man also of the highest character and the most entire devotion to his work. In voice and gesture and power of vivid illustration, his attractiveness in the pulpit was most remarkable, especially to young people. One striking peculiarity and source of power was the way in which, from the opening of the service to its close, he gave to each succeeding part of it an increasing solemnity and spirituality; as in the ascending Songs of Degrees on the steps of the Temple, he seemed to gain at every stage a higher point of religious elevation and a nearer approach to the divine presence.

No review of the work of the Mercer Street Church would be complete without a grateful recognition of the labors of Doctor Kirk, and doubtless there are those present here who will share my feeling of satisfaction that the oppor-

tunity is given for this passing tribute to the memory of one of the most faithful of the Master's servants.

Doctor Skinner delighted in the work of these co-laborers with himself, and gave them an unstinted welcome and unselfish support. He drew a distinction between association with the temporary evangelist and the permanent co-pastor. "The associate pastorate," he once said to me, "is an invention of the devil."

Doctor Skinner's own sermons were no exception to what, according to my observation, is the safe rule with Presbyterian clergymen, of keeping the sermon up to the standard of the best intellects in the congregation. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Pauline theology, his preaching was largely devoted to its distinctive doctrines; the divine love as the foundation of the divine law; the exceeding sinfulness of sin as the transgression of the law; the alienation of man from his Maker; redemption and reconciliation through the divine-human Saviour; the new creation and the spiritual life. These were his favorite themes. In fact, he was somewhat impatient of preaching which did not specifically set forth the Gospel warnings and invitations. On one occasion, coming with him from a church where we had listened to one of Horace Bushnell's vivid and incisive sermons, tinctured with

an all-pervading humanity, I ventured a word expressive of my admiration of the discourse. Doctor Skinner's praise and censure were both condensed in his terse response, "it might have been preached by Epictetus."

Certainly his sermons were amenable to the criticism of the worthy Methodist sister, that "Presbyterian ministers always preached as if they were trying to prove something." He was nothing if not logical. If his discourses were apt to give a too attentive hearer a headache, there was always enough to appeal to the heart, and none who were in the habit of hearing him can forget the earnest impressiveness with which, at the close of his sermon, with spectacles removed and manuscript abandoned, he would put all his power of persuasion into an earnest appeal for the immediate acceptance of the Gospel-offers.

Only in one direction was Doctor Skinner conspicuous for utter incapacity, and that was in his inability to address the little ones of his flock. This was not from want of love of the children, but for want of a vocabulary within their comprehension. Like Addison, who illustrated his contrasted want of capacity for conversation with the power of his pen, by saying that he could draw on his banker for a thousand pounds, but never had sixpence in his pocket, Doctor Skinner, who could have instructed a council of theolo-

gians, was an absolute failure before an infant class. It was among the traditions of Mercer Street that he once felt impelled to add to his ministrations a Saturday afternoon catechetical class for the children, which he opened by telling them that the "Catechism was a compendium of divine truth," and then continued, "perhaps, children, you do not know the meaning of that word. Compendium is synonymous with synopsis."

Not a word has been said in eulogy of Thomas H. Skinner, heretofore or here, which has not been in strict accordance with the truth. His is the exceptional case in which "praise," as Lord Bacon says, "is the reflection of virtue."

Of the men who were the chief co-workers with Doctor Skinner, I have time to speak of only one, the venerable Francis Markoe, a rare type of that peculiar saintliness of character which we are now only too often and too truthfully compelled to associate with the past; a man beloved by all, and especially by that large body of young women who from one Lord's Day to another, year after year, were taught in his Bible Class, where the lessons of Scripture-truth were conveyed with a paternal tenderness and affection which are still attested by many who were privileged to hear them.

A brief mention only can be made of the pastorate of Dr. Prentiss. Coming as he did to

the Church as a stranger and never having heard Dr. Skinner preach, it was remarkable to note how speedily and thoroughly he commanded the respect, the confidence and the affection of the people. Those of them who had been closest in attachment and coöperation with the first pastor were most devoted and loyal to Doctor Prentiss, and from no one did he receive a warmer or more undeviating support than from Dr. Skinner himself, who, having accepted a Professorship in the Union Theological Seminary, now sat under the ministration of his successor, listening with rapt attention, and not infrequently with emphatic gestures of assent, to wise and profound teachings, illuminated by a clear insight into the Gospel mysteries and the problems of faith and doctrine and destiny.

Dr. Prentiss has alluded to the formation at an early stage of his pastorate of the Missionary Association, which was one of the pioneer efforts in City missions, and has been blessed with ample results for good. Another marked success was the movement, which he mainly initiated, on behalf of the Union Theological Seminary for securing its first endowment. I well remember the stirring appeal which he made in aid of that institution, to which, at the close of his pastorate in the Church of the Covenant, he, too, was called; not into as calm a haven of rest as perhaps he

hoped, for, as we all know, the Seminary has been sailing of late on rough waters, but so far not showing any signals of distress. And let me say, in passing, that whatever may be our views (and we may differ widely with one another as to its present unfortunate conflict with the General Assembly), one thing is certain, that conscientious resistance to constituted authority is such an eminently Presbyterian trait that no orthodox, true, not to say blue, Presbyterian would be willing to part with it for fear of losing the family likeness.

Dr. Clark, who succeeded Dr. Prentiss, and who was the last pastor during the time of my connection with the Church, was an earnest and able man; the recent placing of a memorial window in the church at Buffalo where he completed his ministerial work is a just and grateful tribute to his worth as a man and a pastor.

But we are concerned to-night more immediately with the by-gone, formative days of the old Church of sixty years ago. Standing at this distance of time and looking back through two generations to the scenes and the actors we have reviewed, a two-fold source of encouragement and inspiration is disclosed. In one aspect, as we put the departed in our places and measure the difference between them and ourselves by the advance which has been made in these later years, we cannot but feel that in the progress of Chris-

tian civilization we are carrying forward, on advanced lines and under far more promising auspices, the work which they had chiefly at heart. The workmen have passed away, but the work remains, and while we have a broader horizon, a wider outlook and a vastly expanded field, we are simply fulfilling the divine word that other men have labored and we have entered into their labors. In another aspect, as we put ourselves in their places there comes to us the admonition and example of their fidelity and singleness of purpose, perhaps as a rebuke, certainly as a call to duty:

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,

and to-night the air about us is full of the perfume wafted from that distant and yet fragrant "garden of the Lord."

In recalling these consecrated scenes and memories we are not revisiting a mausoleum, or the monumental cloisters or aisles of some old cathedral, but rather an ancestral home, full of tender recollections of the ministries of love. Within those hallowed walls, which we people with the forms of the departed, some of us uttered the vows of allegiance to the Saviour we have sought to follow; there the last tributes of affection and reverence were paid to those we most loved and

honored; there our children were consecrated in baptism to the God of the Covenant; and there, wherever else the standard of Christian faith may have been held with faltering hands or feeble grasp, it was upheld with loyal and unswerving fidelity. All honor to those who, having kept the faith and fought the fight and finished their course, have gained the fadeless crown. May we not say of them as of the good knights of old:

Their bones are dust,  
Their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.



Address by the  
Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

**I**SHALL not take courage, from Mr. Butler's address, to talk to you an hour and a half. I think I could more easily find ten ministers who are equal to preaching an hour and a half than as many congregations equal to listening an hour and a half. There are two attractions which have brought me here tonight. The first grows out of the past. The second grows out of the present. The Mercer Street Church was the gate through which I entered into the Christian pilgrimage. And I have never been sorry that I so entered. It was my first Church home, and I look back to it with love and reverence. Dr. Prentiss was my first pastor. In one respect, I do not agree with Mr. Butler. He said it was wonderful that Dr. Prentiss

tiss so soon won the love of his congregation. It was no wonder at all. I used to think, and I think now, that he was the St. John of the New York pulpit. His love was the secret of his power. I remember, when I was about seventeen years of age, how he smoothed the way for me. I remember how I trembled before that awful Board of Elders. They do not seem to me quite so awful now as they did then. And I remember how easy he made it for me, and I have thanked him many a time since.

I love the church, because it was my first home; because it was the place where I first stood up to make public confession of Christ, whom, ever since I can remember, I had timidly tried to follow. It was the church where my father worshiped, and where my uncle worshiped. My memories of it are sweet and sacred. And so I come here to-night, simply to say this word of love to the old church, this word of love to the old home.

But there is another attraction which has brought me here. It seems to me that there is something analogous in the position of this church and of the church of which I have the honor to be pastor, and I want to turn from the past a moment to the present and the future. I turn from it the more readily, because I have not been present at your previous services, and have not heard the remarks that have been made, and the

more readily, too, because I am sure that even if I were to attempt to help in this review I should be traveling over an old field, where there is no need to travel, and leading your thoughts where they do not need to linger. I want to say one word of the present and future, for a downtown church is not a mission church, and a mission church does not and cannot fill the place of the downtown church. We have seen the process of transformation of the home church into the mission church go on, over and over again: business coming in, a new and different population coming in, the church moving uptown, and then afterwards sending down and establishing a mission in the neighborhood from which it has gone. And I want to say from this platform that a Christian church never ought to move away from a population which needs Christ. Of course, if there are only warehouses in the vicinity, and the population is all gone, follow it, but if there is a population that needs Christ, there the Christian church ought to remain. It is said, "You cannot run a church in the neighborhood of Jews." I wonder why Christ preached in Jerusalem. They were all Jews there, and yet a Christian church was established in Jerusalem. Suppose the neighborhood is full of Roman Catholics. Why did Paul go to Rome? Would a church in a neighborhood of Roman Catholics be any more difficult

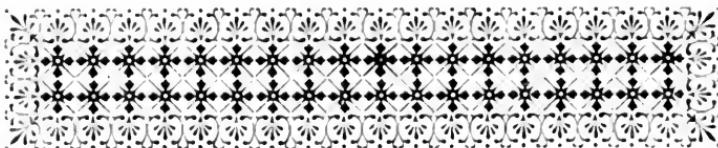
to carry on than a church in pagan Rome? Has Christianity come to such a pass that it must pull down the flag before Judaism, before Romanism, before unbelief? If so, we need a new conversion and a new baptism, and a restoration of the old, primitive Christianity. What a strange irony this, the doctrine that we cannot maintain a Christian church in a poor ward in this city, but that we ought to send missionaries to fight, single-handed, paganism in Calcutta. I think I have a right to say this, because I have the honor to be the pastor of a downtown church. Not one quarter of the members and pewholders of Plymouth Church live within three quarters of a mile of the church. The great majority of them live one, two, three or more miles away. It takes them from fifteen minutes to an hour to get from their homes to that church. It is a common feeling that people ought to go to the nearest church. But it is not so. The camp ought to be in the midst of the enemy, the station ought to be where the work is to be done.

And you cannot do this work by hiring some one to do it for you. What is a church? Not fluted columns. Not vaulted roofs. A church is living men and women, Christian men and women bound together in a household of faith. Do I not know the difference? I preach on Sunday morning to Plymouth Church. I preach on

Sunday night to a congregation of strangers gathered in Plymouth Meeting-House. And there is a great deal of difference between the two. On Sunday morning I preach to a congregation of Christian people. I know them. They know me. They help me with their prayers, and by their lives. They might almost go without a sermon. I sometimes think they would be better without it. But in the evening I do not know whose faces I am looking into. They do not know me. I do not know them. I am preaching in a mission-house; I am not preaching in a church, though the room is the same.

I have come here to-night, then, to urge you to maintain with faith and courage this downtown church. Mr. Beecher once said to me that he was like a town-pump. Any one who worked the handle could get a drink. I am not like a town-pump; I am like a sponge. Squeezed once, twice, and a third time in twenty-four hours, I become very dry. That is the case with me to-night. I preached Sunday morning and Sunday night. Monday morning I spent in my editorial sanctum, writing editorials. Then I spoke at another Church meeting before I came here, and there is not much virtue left in me. But I came because I could not refuse the opportunity to come and give the right hand of fellowship to Dr. Alexander, and to say that I hope that this building

will never come down, and that as long as there are houses and people in this quarter of the city, so long this Gospel flag will float, so long this Gospel ministry will be continued. I thank you for the opportunity of saying these few, simple, humble words.



## Address by the Rev. Erskine N. White, D.D.

M R. CHAIRMAN, and dear friends:— After the very eloquent and interesting words to which we have been listening, I shall detain you at this late hour but a very few minutes, and that simply to say how the Mercer Street Church appeared to one who was a child in that Church. We have very ancient and classic authority for smiling good-naturedly and patronizingly at the "*Laudator temporis acti*," the man who praises the past; and yet I suppose there is scarcely any one of us who would like to lose out of his life that habit of looking tenderly at the days of his childhood, and thinking that the circumstances which surrounded him then were a little brighter and a little better, in some respects, than those of the days in which he now

finds himself. At any rate, I am free to confess that, as I look back to my childhood, there seem to me some things connected with the Mercer Street Church which, if not better, were a little different from anything that I have known in churches since that date.

My earliest recollections of the Mercer Street Church extend as far back as my memory goes. My father lived in Eighth street, at No. 14 Clinton place. Next door to us, upon the one side, lived Gordon Burnham; on the other side, Thomas S. Nelson; directly opposite Thomas Denny, with whose sons, Thomas and John, I often played in what was then a quiet uptown street; a few doors away, Asa Bigelow; and in like proximity many others, whose names have been mentioned this evening. The yard of our house (yards were larger than they are now) extended back to the yard of the Mercer Street Church, and as a boy I used to climb up on the grape trellis (they used to grow fruit in the back-yards of New York houses in those days) and look over into the churchyard with a great deal of interest. We all know that Mercer Street Church is even now a comely and dignified building, but then it seemed to me to be a very cathedral, with its turrets and its lofty tower. Its interior was ornate and imposing. I remember well sitting in my father's pew, and looking up with awe at that

magnificent pulpit, with its elaborate Elizabethan architecture. It seemed to me to have a reach and extent that were perfectly immense. I often used to wish I could go up and explore the depths of those mysterious recesses; but when, years after, as a young minister, I had an opportunity of doing so, I was surprised to find how their proportions had dwindled. The church was early a noted one, and attracted visitors from afar. Among my earliest recollections is that of seeing there the majestic form of Daniel Webster, arrayed in the traditional blue coat with brass buttons.

The Sunday-School Mr. Butler has spoken of, and has referred to the two sessions then held. I remember them well, beginning as I did in the infant class. I have not heard any reference made to Mr. William W. Chester, who from my earliest recollection had charge of the infant class,—a man of portly form and benevolent face,—who used to take the greatest interest in all those little children, gathered in the concentric rows of seats, rising up one above another, so steep that very often some urchin would come tumbling down, as he attempted to respond to Mr. Chester's call. After I was graduated from Mr. Chester's care, I was at one time in the class of my friend, Thomas Bond, then Thomas Bond, *Junior*. I afterwards was in the class of the distinguished

Benjamin F. Butler, father of our friend who has spoken to us to-night, and of whom mention has already been made. At a later date, as I grew older, I had a class of my own, in which were some boys who have become well known since. I recall Frank Crosby, son of John P. Crosby, and nephew of Dr. Howard Crosby. He was afterwards killed in battle, fighting for the Union. I remember, also, Charles M. Earle, now hardly recognizable in the somewhat venerable Elder who read the Scriptures to-night.

I had some little share in the early beginnings of that magnificent work that has grown from the Sunday-School in Avenue D, and a reminiscence came back to me as Dr. Alexander read, from Dr. Prentiss's narrative, of the session meeting where it was resolved that Mr. Otis W. Booth be requested to go over and help Mr. Loomis keep order. Mr. Loomis, to whom reference was thus made, was a classmate of mine in the Theological Seminary, although a man much older than the rest of us. He was from Missouri,—a short, thick-set, athletic man of middle age, who used to relate interesting stories about his adventures with border ruffians when a missionary on the frontier. I remember his telling me that upon one occasion, at the Dry Dock Mission (when, I fear, Mr. Otis W. Booth was not present and the policeman not on hand), he had an unusually hard time

in keeping the boys in order. They would not behave themselves, and he said that finally, losing patience, and remembering his Western experience, he seized the first boy, laid him across his knee, and gave him a sound thrashing, and followed in like manner with the next boy, and so on. He said that by the time he got through with the nearest bench there was a dead silence all over the room. They supposed he was coming down, *seriatim*, through the entire building in that way. And so he had order there, for that evening at least.

Dr. Skinner I remember in my childhood with awe. My knowledge of him and my love came at a later date. While I was a student in the Seminary, Dr. Skinner attended the Mercer Street Church, and he let us students see very plainly that he was a great admirer of his successor in that pulpit, the honored and beloved brother to whose history of the Church we have listened this evening. Dr. Skinner masked his references in that direction in a way that he manifestly considered very wily and effective, but which was really too childlike in its transparent simplicity to deceive us for a moment. He would say that the very best preacher in New York, to whom we would better listen, if we wished to be edified, was in a church which he would not mention, but which he frequently attended — a church, in fact,

a very little way from where the Seminary stood. On one occasion we plucked up courage enough to ask him if he would not give us the name of the preacher. He replied that he dared not do so, for "a little bird might carry the news that he had made such a remark." We were not much in doubt as to whom he referred.

Reference has been made to Dr. Skinner's preaching as being somewhat abstruse. I remember once, when speaking to me in his delightful and affectionate way of his experience in preaching, he said that he delivered a sermon once from the text, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," and attempted to show, in a logical way, the necessity for such eternal predestination; and then he added, with great simplicity, "But, my dear brother, I never preached that sermon again. I found my congregation did not follow me." Dr. Stiles, who succeeded him, could not bear the strain of a city pastorate, but in his earlier ministry he was sometimes truly eloquent. I remember well one of his first sermons as pastor, from the text, "*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*" His first words were, "We have here the root and the fruit of the Christian life."

A word or two ought to be said of the choir in Mercer Street Church in those early days. It was long under the charge of George F. Root, afterwards so distinguished as a writer of those

stirring battle-songs "*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching*," "*Rally Round the Flag, Boys*," and many others. I remember when Mr. Root first came there. The choir in his day, aside from members of his own family, was almost entirely voluntary, and the influence of that singing, and the beauty and simplicity of it, as led by Mr. Root, were truly remarkable. Let me add, in passing, that the reminiscences of his life, which Mr. Root published a year or two before his death, contain many references to Mercer Street Church that would be delightful to those who remember the church as it was of old.

I think the most vivid impressions, perhaps, left upon my mind, in regard to the spiritual influence of the Mercer Street Church, are connected with the prayer-meeting. The prayer-meeting was held on Friday night, if I remember rightly, and the lecture was given on Tuesday evening, there being two weekly meetings. The prayer-meeting, held in the Sunday-School room, was always conducted by one of the Elders. You have heard the names of these Elders, and you can imagine how interesting men of their character, of their intellectual ability, and of their consecration, devoted to their work, would make these meetings. A relative of mine, who had been in the Presbyterian ministry, afterwards embraced the Episcopal faith, and some one once said to him: "Don't you miss the prayer-meet-

ings now that you are in the Episcopal Church?" Said he, "If the prayer-meetings could be as they were in the dear old Mercer Street Church, I should miss them more than I can tell. But, unfortunately, such prayer-meetings as those are not to be found now."

I am sure, my dear friends, that with all the power that there was in Dr. Skinner, and in his noble successors, the glory of the Mercer Street Church was in the consecrated laity that upheld and strengthened their hands. The Session of my early recollection were John L. Mason, Geo. P. Shipman, Anson G. Phelps, Jas. R. Gibson, Thos. S. Nelson, Francis Markoe, Levi Coit, Gustavus U. Richards, and my own dear father. I remember dear Mr. Markoe, to whom reference has been made more than once this evening. His appearance seemed to me that of a saint, with the halo already around his head; and the influence that he exerted through that Church was of the sweetest and most enduring character. Upon the hearts of many of those present at the Mercer Street prayer-meetings it rests as a benediction even unto the present day.

I congratulate you, my dear brethren, upon being successors of those men who then labored and prayed, and I doubt not that you will, as Dr. Abbott has said, hold up the banner in this neighborhood so long as God shall grant to you life and strength.



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

**Service at 3 p. m.**

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE WOMEN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

**Service at 8 p. m.**

COMMEMORATION OF UNIVERSITY PLACE CHURCH.

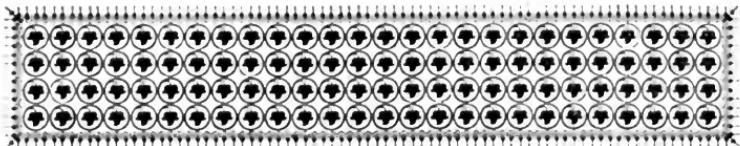
THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY OF UNIVERSITY PLACE CHURCH.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY  
REV. ARTHUR POTTS, D.D.

THE UNITED CHURCH.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY  
REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D.D.

RECEPTION AND COLLATION.



TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

## Semi-centennial Report of the Women's Home Missionary Society.

**I**T has been said that "a reverent look backward is good preparation for anointing to go forward." With the hope of receiving inspiration for the future, we turn back to "remember all the way which the Lord our God hath led us" these fifty years.

In 1845, November 12th, this Society was organized with a membership of eighty, of whom fifty-three were present at the first meeting. The name given to the Society was "The Ladies' Charitable Society of the Church on University Place," and its objects were "to provide garments for the needy in the Mission School and elsewhere, and to collect money for the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, and for the Theological Seminary at Princeton." After a few years the

donations to the benevolent societies were made with few exceptions at the time of the regular church collections. "During the first winter \$175 was expended, 376 garments were distributed, 25 shirts sent to students at Princeton, and 60 families were visited and relieved." The Society from its beginning has sent boxes of clothing to Western missionaries. For the first ten years it sent a box yearly to Rev. Cyrus Nichols, of Caledonia, Wisconsin. "In 1855, 350 garments and 100 pairs of shoes were distributed among the children of the mission schools in Laurens street and Thirteenth street, and 50 shirts were sent to Princeton,—double the number sent the first year." About this time \$400 was subscribed to Carroll College, in Wisconsin, securing a perpetual free scholarship for one student, which was named, for the pastor of the church "The George Potts scholarship."

In the fall of 1861 the sympathy of the Society was turned toward our sick soldiers in the hospitals, and 666 garments and 250 books were sent to the Sanitary Commission; also, to Port Royal, 4 packages of books and papers. In addition to our gifts to the soldiers, 392 garments were made and distributed to our own school, to Cottage Place School, and to the colored school. Besides all this, two boxes of clothing, instead of one, were sent to the West.

Our interest was first awakened in the cause of the Freedmen by an appeal from the "Freedmen's Relief Association" in the fall of 1863, and 264 garments were sent to Mississippi Contrabands.

Ever ready to lend a helping hand to Princeton, in the winter of 1865-1866 the Society furnished two rooms in Brown Hall at \$150 each, and seven others were furnished by individual members.

In 1867, employment was furnished for seventeen poor women. Special subscriptions were received for this purpose of \$5, \$10, or \$15, which amounts enabled the Society to give each applicant some little assistance for ten weeks. As it was the desire of the Society to teach the poor to help themselves, and not to be dependent, after due deliberation it was thought best to discontinue supplying garments to the children of the schools.

Of the period from 1869-1879 no records of the Society have been found, but from what has been gleaned from members at that time, its life was very uneventful, and its work carried on in the same channels as before, with the exception of discontinuing the supply of shirts to Princeton students.

In 1870 the Society received new strength by the union of the two churches, and from the

warm interest manifested in its work by Dr. and Mrs. Booth.

Pleasant mention is made in 1879 of some of the members of "The Young Ladies' Missionary Association" meeting, at their request, to sew with the Society for Home Mission families. Some of these are efficient members of the Society to-day. The serenity of the Society was somewhat disturbed, December 27, 1881, by finding that "thieves had entered by the end window of the Chapel and taken some of our contributions, a piece of sheeting, and a fur-trimmed cloak, defacing our pastor's gown." The zeal and diligence of the Society in those days are shown by its being recorded that on January 23, 1883, a day "clear, very cold, thermometer at zero," fourteen ladies were present; and that in 1884, having already sent four boxes, it finished its work in January.

In 1882, the General Assembly committed to the women of the Church, under the name of "The Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions," the Christian education of the exceptional population of our country.

In 1885, Mrs. Allen, of the Freedmen's Board, addressed our Society on the needs and claims of the Freedmen, and our interest was so aroused in this race that, through the efforts of one of our members, money was raised for the salary of a

teacher in Texas, which salary we still continue to pay. We also, through special gifts, support a teacher in both Alaska and Utah. Since, owing to an empty treasury, we hear of schools closed and children, eager for the Bread of Life, turned away unfed, our Society feels the great importance of advance in this branch of its work, and calls this year for an increase of \$100 for the school work.

In the fall of 1887 the Society left the Chapel, where it had carried on its work for so many years, and took up its present quarters in the parlors of the Church House. In November, 1886, its name had been changed from "The Ladies' Charitable Society of the Church on University Place" to "The Women's Home Missionary Society of the Church on University Place." At the same time a change was made in the constitution in order to better adapt it to the needs of the Society. It was decided at this time to hold a monthly meeting on the last Tuesday of the month, afterwards changed to the first Tuesday, at which reports and missionary letters should be read. In March, 1889, the annual meeting was changed to the spring instead of the fall. A nominating committee was also appointed to present the names of officers to the Society for election. In 1889 an agent was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the "Home

Mission Monthly," which duty was transferred to a Secretary of Literature in 1894. In 1893 a Corresponding Secretary was added to the list of officers.

The Society, feeling that it could not plan for the year's work, satisfactorily, without knowing how much money it could depend upon, adopted the plan, last fall, of sending out envelopes for contributions, to be called for by collectors. By this means the amount contributed was much increased, and the number of contributors more than doubled. As any person contributing, no matter how small an amount, is considered a member of our society, we were able to report last year 172 members, a larger membership than any other society in the Presbytery.

In the fall of 1887, desiring to relieve the laborers at Emmanuel and Bethlehem Missions from the burden of collecting funds for the sewing schools and Helping Hand, the Society resolved to raise the necessary money. From that time we have contributed annually \$225 to Emmanuel Chapel Industrial School, and \$275 to Bethlehem Chapel. In 1890, \$200 of the latter was appropriated to furnishing the new building at that mission, and this sum has since been given for general mission work at Bethlehem, and \$175 to the sewing school there.

The Society in these fifty years has sent boxes

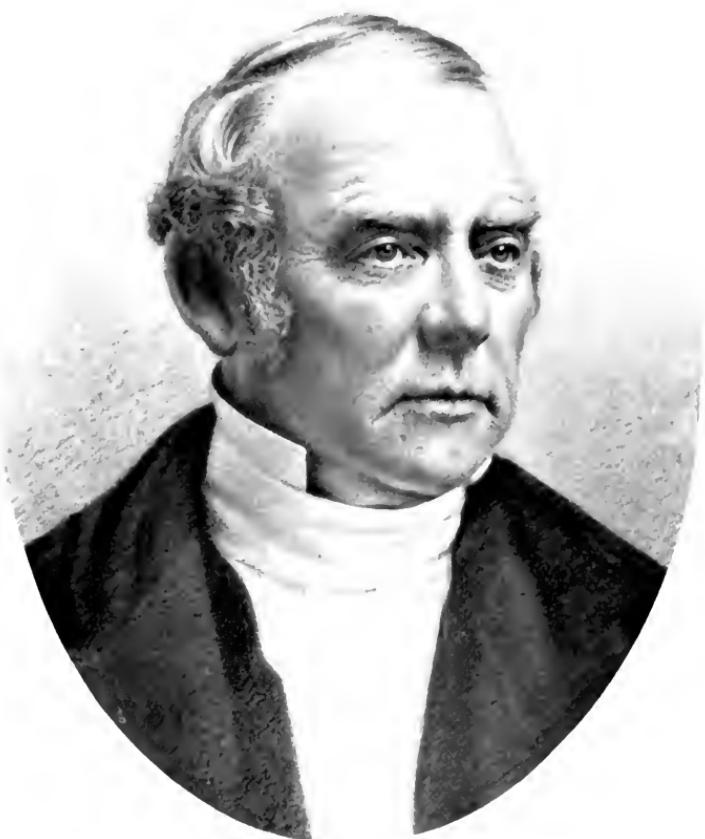
to missionaries all over the land, to our own mission schools, and to schools in Alaska, New Mexico, Utah, and among the Indians, Freedmen, and Mountain Whites. The Society has been more than repaid by the letters of grateful appreciation it has received, and the Christian fellowship with our fellow-laborers has been very helpful. It is pleasant to mention here that every box sent while Mrs. James Brown and Miss Lawson were connected with the Society contained a suit of clothes for the missionary from Mrs. Brown and a box of candy from Miss Lawson. In these years we have also had a share in furnishing the school buildings at Mt. Pleasant, Utah; Santa Fé, New Mexico; and the Normal Institute, Asheville, North Carolina, besides contributing to the school work at Howe Pasture, Virginia, as well as among the Freedmen, Indians, and Mountain Whites.

The Society has been blessed in the band of noble women who have devoted their best energies to carrying on its work. Among these "the pure and gentle character of Mrs. James Brown is of precious memory." She was for more than forty years closely connected with the Society, and for many years its efficient first directress. The Society was sadly bereaved in 1890 by the death of its treasurer, Miss Catharine Lawson, who for twenty-seven years had "honorably and

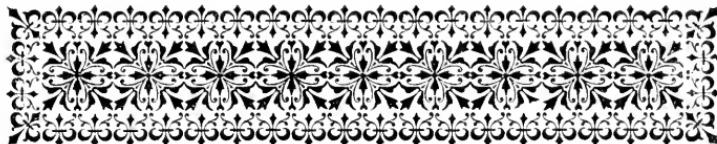
faithfully" discharged the duties of her office, and "whose uniform courtesy and kindness had endeared her to all." In the following year, the Society was again called to mourn the loss of its treasurer in the death of Miss Harriet T. Hubbard, who had, in the one year in which she served the Society, "by her faithful stewardship, good judgment, and uniform kindness won the esteem of all." Among those who have faithfully served the Society as officers are the names of Mrs. Willard Parker, Mrs. Robert Russell Booth, Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, and Mrs. Albert B. Storer, not to mention many others. Some of these have gone to their reward, while others are with us to this day, who by their benefactions and devotion have enabled the Society so successfully to carry on its work.

We have been very much interested and instructed by hearing at our monthly meetings from our missionaries of their work, and, also, by words from the Secretaries of our Home Board, and the ladies of the Woman's Executive Committee. The Society is very grateful to Dr. Alexander for devoting to it so much of his valuable time, and it feels that it has been greatly helped and strengthened by the sympathy and encouragement he has always given it.

Two years ago, earnestly desiring the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit in all our Church



REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D.



TUESDAY EVENING.

Address by the  
Rev. Arthur Potts, D.D.

FIRST QUARTER-CENTURY OF THE UNIVERSITY  
PLACE CHURCH.

**H**IIS hour is one of joyful congratulations for the University Place Church. You do not have to boast of *a descent* which would be reason for regret, but, on the other hand, can point to a record of constant development and progress, bearing witness to an inner life and vigor, which reflect credit on both the leaders and people composing this church and congregation. It does not seem appropriate to say of you "fifty years old," but rather, "fifty years young." A church building may grow old, but the church of souls need never become infirm

through age. Each generation is new and young, but each in turn has built on the foundations laid by a past generation.

You need not be ashamed to claim, by the law of heredity, some of those qualities which led our fathers to lay the substantial foundations of a prosperous Church.

The men who were banded together in this enterprise fifty years ago, and the pastor they chose to instruct and guide them, gave a character to their work from the beginning.

Whatever growth and progress has been made has never been away from a pure gospel, but rather a development along the lines of that gospel. It was the law of affinity which attracted these godly and cultured founders to their pastor, and held them together, and both the culture and the godliness still abound.

I do not believe in "looking mournfully into the past" in theory, yet practically I have felt much like one walking through a graveyard, reading the inscriptions on tombstones, so many were the sad reminiscences suggested by the names on the roll, and in the records from which I had to gather my material.

In order that this hour may not be saddened by personal reminiscences, I will deal largely in the achievements of our fathers.

It is my pleasant privilege to-night to give a

brief sketch (gathered from exceedingly brief records) of the origin and growth of the University Place Church. In doing this I will avail myself of both written and unwritten history.

The first document appears in a small subscription-book.

A few gentlemen, residents in the upper part of the city of New York, met at the house of George Griswold (on Washington Square), and entered into the following agreement:

It is proposed and agreed by the subscribers to purchase the ground at the corner of Wooster and Fourth streets, or some other, and build a church to be placed under the care of Geo. Potts, D.D., and the Presbytery of New York on the following plan:—

The subscribers to be called together when the subscription amounts to \$60,000, and they shall then proceed to determine the site and plan, appoint a building committee of three, one of whom shall be treasurer, and fix on the time for organizing the church and congregation and settling the pastor. A majority in amount shall settle the site and the plan.

It shall be so arranged that the purchase money for ground shall not be called for until the pews are sold; the other part of the subscription shall be paid when called for by the building committee.

When all expenses of building are paid, the subscribers shall receive back their money in such proportion as the sale of pews may yield, but each

subscriber may buy pews and pay for them at the settlement to be made on account of his subscription; and the whole cost of the church shall not exceed sixty thousand dollars.

*(Signed)*

GEORGE GRISWOLD . . . . .	\$6000
GARDINER G. HOWLAND . . . . .	6000
REV. CYRUS MASON . . . . .	6000
JOHN C. GREEN . . . . .	6000
WM. M. HALSTED, \$3000 if below 8th street, if above . . . . .	6000
WM. H. SMITH, if above 8th street . .	6000
WM. CURTIS NOYES . . . . .	2000
HENRY S. MULLIGAN, if not below Bleecker nor above 11th. . . . .	2000
EDMUND COFFIN . . . . .	2000
JOHN GIBSON . . . . .	3000
JAMES BROWN . . . . .	5000
SULAS BROWN . . . . .	1000
HENRY COIT . . . . .	1000
NATHANIEL G. GRISWOLD . . . . .	1000
JOHN W. R. LEAVITT . . . . .	1000
CYRUS MASON, for friends, \$500 Olcott, \$500 Chauncey . . . . .	1000
M. MORGAN . . . . .	500
BENJAMIN SWAN . . . . .	1000
S. STRANG . . . . .	250
	_____
	\$56,750

On the 21st of February, 1844, ground was purchased at the corner of University Place and Tenth Street.

A second agreement appears in the same book,  
*i. e.:*

A Religious Corporation having been organized in the city of New York, under the act entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation of religious societies," passed April 5, 1813, by the name of the Presbyterian Church on University Place, which corporation has purchased a site for a church, and intends erecting a church edifice thereon, and which said church is designed to be placed under the care of the Rev. George Potts, D.D. We, the undersigned, in consideration of the premises, and that the said corporation shall proceed to procure the legal title to the said site, and to erect a church edifice thereon, promise and agree to pay to said corporation the sums set opposite to our names respectively, in such amounts, and at such times as the same may be required by the building committee, upon notice of the Treasurer of said corporation, for the purpose of building the said church, and paying for the said site.

It is expressly understood that when the church shall be completed, the pews are to be sold at auction, or otherwise, as soon as purchasers can be found, and at prices to be fixed by the Trustees, and as fast as the proceeds can be realized, they shall be distributed among the subscribers hereto, in the ratio of the subscription.

It is also understood and agreed that if the pews do not eventually sell for a sufficient sum to pay for the site and the building, each subscriber hereto is to bear his proportion of the loss, so that

when the accounts shall be finally adjusted, the said corporation shall be free from debt.

It is also understood that the whole cost of the site and building shall not exceed sixty-five thousand dollars.

To this agreement the following names are attached -- in autograph -- with an increase in the subscriptions.

JOHN C. GREEN . . . . .	\$7000
G. G. HOWLAND . . . . .	7000
GEORGE GRISWOLD . . . . .	7000
JAMES BROWN . . . . .	7000
WM. M. HALSTED . . . . .	7000
WM. H. SMITH . . . . .	6000
SILAS BROWN . . . . .	1500
EDMUND COFFIN . . . . .	2500
HENRY S. MULLIGAN . . . . .	2500
WM. CURTIS NOVES . . . . .	2500
JOHN R. LEAVITT . . . . .	1000
JOHN GIBSON . . . . .	4000
NATHANIEL G. GRISWOLD . . . . .	1000
BENJAMIN J. SWAN . . . . .	1000
CYRUS MASON . . . . .	6000
DR. HORACE GREEN . . . . .	250
T. STRANG . . . . .	250
<hr/>	
	\$63,500

To this second agreement another and third is added at a later date which explains itself.

#### THIRD AGREEMENT.

The subscribers to the preceding agreement, having been informed by the building committee,

that in order to finish the church building in a proper manner, so as to include gas fixtures, carpets, cushions for the pews, an organ, and other things necessary to make the same complete, it may be necessary to increase the cost to seventy-five thousand dollars, in consideration thereof, do hereby consent, that the whole cost of the site and building, with the matters above mentioned, and all other expenditures of every kind, may be increased to, but shall not exceed, seventy-five thousand (\$75,000) dollars, instead of the sum formerly fixed upon; and for the like consideration, we do also consent and agree that new subscribers to the fund for building said Church may be obtained, with the privilege of receiving repayment of such subscriptions in pews therein.<sup>1</sup>

In the month of March, 1844, this building was commenced, and on the 12th day of June, 1845, was opened and dedicated to the worship of God.

During the progress of this structure those who had engaged in the enterprise resolved to invite the Rev. George Potts, pastor of the Duane Street Presbyterian Church to *take charge of the organization* of the contemplated church and congregation, and for this purpose obtained the large chapel in the New York University.

Consenting to this Dr. Potts resigned the charge he then held, and divine worship was commenced in the University Chapel on Sabbath,

<sup>1</sup> Here the original subscribers' names are signed.

the 15th day of September, 1844, and continued regularly, with increasing congregations, until the new edifice was completed June 12th, 1845. At the dedication of the church Dr. Potts preached from Acts xix. 15, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"

On the following October the 15th, the accompanying petition was addressed to the New York Presbytery — then in session — signed by 158 members.

#### PETITION.

We the undersigned members of various Christian Churches in this city (and elsewhere) represent to the Presbytery of New York that it is our earnest desire to unite with one another and with the Presbytery, and be formed into a new Church relation.

The greater part of our number have for a year past worshiped together under the ministration of the Rev. George Potts, D.D., in the large chapel of the New York University, and latterly, — since the twelfth of June last — in a new edifice at the corner of University Place and Tenth Street.

We have deemed it expedient to postpone this request for a formal organization until the present time, and do accordingly solicit the consideration of the Presbytery under whose care and in whose fellowship we hope to flourish as a Christian community. We hereby declare our sincere attach-

ment to the doctrines and government of the Christian Church as maintained by the Presbytery.

We trust that our great motive in this solemn undertaking has been, and is, the glory of the Head of the Church; for this reason we hope and believe that the same divine goodness which has brought us together, and provided for us a suitable place of worship free from incumbrance, will continue to smile upon us, our friends and children, and that the spirit of Christ will consecrate our union, and enable us to receive for ourselves, and dispense to others, the blessings of the gospel. With respectful salutations the undersigned submit their request to Presbytery.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7th, 1845.

WM. M. HALSTED,	HENRY W. OLcott,
SARAH J. HALSTED,	EMILY OLcott,
E. W. J. HALSTED,	JOHN WURTS,
ROBERT HALSTED,	MARTHA P. WURTS,
JAMES BROWN,	J. SALISBURY BROWN,
ELIZA M. BROWN,	CALEB O. HALSTED,
N. L. GRISWOLD,	CAROLINE HALSTED,
ANNA B. GRISWOLD,	LUCINETTA HALSTED,
JANE GRAHAM,	EDWIN J. BROWN,
BENJAMIN J. SWAN,	SARAH BROWN,
MARY C. SWAN,	BARZILLAI DEMING,
SARAH H. GREEN,	HANNAH DEMING,
LOUISA M. HOWLAND,	JEREMIAH WILBUR,
MARIA LOUISA BROWN,	SARAH R. WILBUR,
J. W. LEAVITT,	MARY ANN MAXWELL,
CECELIA K. LEAVITT,	SAMUEL A. BEEKMAN,
CECELIA K. LEAVITT, JR.,	ANN HENRY,
ELIZA S. LEAVITT,	NATHANIEL WILSON,

JOHN A. C. GRAY,	SARAH ANN WILSON,
SUSAN M. GRAY,	WILLIAM CURTIS NOVES,
HENRY S. MULLIGAN,	CORNELIA JOHNSON,
SARAH C. MULLIGAN,	NANCY HOLMES,
WAKEMAN BURRITT,	CHARLES N. FEARING,
GRACE BURRITT,	MARY FEARING,
GRACE E. BURRITT,	MRS. SARAH H. COFFIN,
CATHERINE S. GODDARD,	CATHERINE H. LAMDEN,
JULIA T. GODDARD,	JACOB H. PATTON,
FRANCES S. COMSTOCK,	ANTOINETTE L. CHIS-
RUFUS LEAVITT,	HOLM,
ANABELLA LEAVITT,	ELIZA TAYLOR,
ALMY T. HICKS,	MANDLEBERT CANFIELD,
HENRY K. BULL,	ANNA W. CANFIELD,
ELIZA A. BULL,	ELIZABETH H. MILLER,
WINIFRED POST,	ABIEL CROSBY,
MARY POST,	ELIZABETH CROSBY,
FREDERICK SOMERS,	HORACE COGSWELL,
MARGARET SOMERS,	CATHIERINE COGSWELL,
JANE MCKENZIE,	GEORGE MCKENZIE,
U. B. BREWSTER,	JULIA ANN CHAUNCEY,
SOPHRONIA BREWSTER,	WILLIAM MURRAY,
CHARLOTTE GILLETTE,	JOHN B. MARVIN,
MARY GILLETTE,	JAMES H. McWILLIAMS,
MARTHA GILLETTE,	CHARLES C. DARLING,
ADDISON HOTCHKISS,	ADELINE E. DARLING,
HORACE GREEN, M.D.,	JOHN VAN DORAN,
HARRIET GREEN,	PARMELIA W. VAN DORAN,
JONATHAN H. DOUGLASS,	O. S. BARTLES, M.D.,
HARRIET DOUGLASS,	MARIETTA BARTLES,
AMOS JOHNSON, M.D.,	CHARLES BARTLES,
ALFRED M. COFFIN,	LUCINDA STARKWEATHER,
LYDIA M. COFFIN,	MARVIN McNULTY,
EMILY ROBB,	THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.,
MATILDA R. POTTS,	ELLEN BOYD DWIGHT,
SARAH A. POTTS,	A. W. UPHAM,

ANNA R. HICKOCK,	MARY DEMING,
RACHEL W. LAMDEN,	MARY ROGERS,
WILLIAM HOOPLE,	ELIZABETH DEMING,
MELVIN A. SOUTHWORTH,	SAMUEL T. BULL,
HENRY W. PORTER,	WM. H. SMITH,
LUCY P. TROWBRIDGE,	CHARLOTTE SMITH,
WILLIAM CHAUNCEY,	JOSEPH M. ELY,
MARY FURMAN,	JULIETTA M. ELY,
SARAH FURMAN,	OLIVIA BROWN,
M. C. DICKINSON,	SARAH B. MEASE,
EDGAR M. BROWN,	MATILDA PARSONS,
JANE BROWN,	O. P. WOODFORD,
WM. SHERWOOD,	ELIZABETH A. RUTON,
LYDIA A. SHERWOOD,	MARY REQUA,
MARY F. SHERWOOD,	E. A. JOHNSON,
MATTHEW P. READ,	MARY V. JOHNSON,
CATHERINE READ,	THOMAS P. STANTON,
WILLARD PARKER, M.D.,	MARTHA STANTON,
MARY A. PARKER,	ELIZABETH B. WOODFORD,
ARTEMESIA C. BURT,	SARAH TAYLOR,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,	JOHN S. KELLY,
MRS. N. S. SMITH,	ANNA A. MASTERS,
NANCY SISTARE,	LEWIS W. SEAVER,
FRANCES E. BALL,	HENRY J. RAYMOND.
JACQUELINE HOXIE,	JULIETTE RAYMOND,
ALEX. R. ROGERS,	

The New York Presbytery granted this petition, appointing the 26th day of October for the purpose of organizing the Church by the election and ordination of Elders.

On that occasion a sermon was preached by the Moderator, Dr. James W. Alexander, pastor of the Duane Street Presbyterian Church, from

Matthew xviii. 20, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I."

The following officers were then elected:

*Elders.*

WM. M. HALSTED,  
HENRY W. OLcott,  
HORACE GREEN.

*Deacons.*

EDWIN J. BROWN,

HENRY K. BULL.

The Rev. Edward D. Smith, pastor of the Chelsea Presbyterian Church, then delivered a charge to these newly-elected officers, and the Rev. William Snodgrass the charge to the people, after which the elders were ordained.

Agreeably to a resolution passed at a joint meeting of the Elders and Trustees, and after legal notice given in the congregation, a meeting of the congregation was held on the evening of November 10, 1845, in the chapel of the church, for the purpose of electing a pastor.

Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., pastor of the "Brick Church" (Presbyterian), acts as moderator of this meeting, and William Curtis Noyes is elected secretary. On motion of Wm. M. Halsted Dr. George Potts is nominated, and on a full vote of those present, elected Pastor, on a salary of \$4000.

Messrs. Wm. M. Halsted and H. W. Olcott are appointed a committee to draft the call, sign

it for the congregation, and prosecute the same before the Presbytery at their next meeting.

(Signed) GARDINER SPRING,  
*Moderator.*

At a meeting of the New York Presbytery, held November 19, 1845, this call (in usual form) was laid before the Presbytery, and being found in order, was placed in the hands of the Rev. George Potts, and having been accepted by him, the Presbytery appointed Wednesday evening, November 26, 1845, for his installation as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church on University Place.

(Attested) JOHN M. KREBS,  
*Stated Clerk.*

On the occasion of the installation, November 26th, the Rev. Philip Milldollar, D.D., preached the sermon, and the Rev. James W. Alexander charged the Pastor, the Rev. M. W. Jacobus charging the people. It was just fifty years ago to-night that the first pastor was formally installed.

We might imagine from the above records that the gentlemen who signed the first agreement had no relation to each other or Dr. Potts previous to the agreement; whereas eighty, or more than half, of those signing the petition to Presbytery were previously members of the Duane Street church, of which Dr. Potts was pastor.

Only a year before he became the pastor of this

church, it had been driven from its twenty-eight years' home in the old Cedar Street church, by the commercial growth of the city, which had naturally and from the first been pushing the dwellings to the north, and with them the churches.

Dr. Potts had been settled in this new church less than eight years when again the pioneers in the uptown movement began to urge the necessity for another change. Their residences now being situate between Washington Square and Fourteenth-street, and the surroundings of the church becoming worse every year, were the strong arguments they urged for the change; they were being tempted out and driven out.

But a large majority of the congregation still had their homes south of the church, in the then fashionable neighborhood of Barclay, Warren, and Chambers streets, and they naturally looked on their church as still uptown. These were well content to stay where they were. So our founders were obliged to leave their church home behind them when they resolved to embark in their new enterprise.

They did not leave a dilapidated church building, but, on the contrary, perhaps one of the finest structures for church purposes then in the city, having a large seating capacity, and being finished in *American Grecian* style, with white marble Corinthian columns along its fine front.

It was built before the days of the "Church House," and consequently the only thing which could stand for that modern improvement was a roomy, low-ceilinged, damp basement, containing a lecture-room, Sunday-School room, and a pastor's study, where pastor, teachers, and scholars alike became saturated with rheumatism, and some were more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the change they proposed.

But it was a large and pleasant church home our founders were leaving, and they were not able to sell for seventy-five thousand dollars as in the case of Cedar Street church, and rebuild for fifty thousand dollars as in the case of Duane Street.

They turned themselves out homeless, for they left behind them a large and wealthy church, well able to take care of itself, and recover without much effort from the loss of eighty members with their families. But in leaving so strong an organization they were obliged to leave their building also.

They left such men as Hugh Auchincloss, Wm. Beers, and Wm. Walker, and many others who had the grace to call such a cultured Christian leader as Dr. James W. Alexander for their pastor. So that after the exodus, the Church was still one of the strongest in the city.

The few men who composed the "financial

motor" of this enterprise were thorough business men, who knew where they were going, and knew the way. They may be said to have carried that Church in their pockets on this occasion.

The movement was in the line of church extension, but brought about by the providence of God, rather than man's intention.

So far from the call to Dr. Potts being a second thought, it was understood from the first that he was to gather the Church and be its pastor.

In finances, it was not so much a question of how much money they could raise, as how much would be needed to accomplish their object.

At the first meeting of a few of the leading spirits, nineteen men subscribed about the sum of fifty-seven thousand dollars; on a closer estimate they extend the cost of the building to sixty-five thousand dollars, and on a second report from their committee they add ten thousand more. It seemed simply a question of how much was needed.

There was nothing little about the methods of raising the money. It was just giving.

These church builders were men of finance and business, whose brains made their money, and who were accustomed to command hands to execute, and they carried the same principle into their church work. They worked by giving.

Everything was done in a business-like and simple way.

Did they want an architect? The man who designed Trinity Church would do, so they selected Mr. Upjohn without competition — and he was afterward accustomed to say that this church was one of his best pieces of work. The builder was selected in the same way; to Mr. Pugsley the contract was awarded, and his work when completed was pronounced “Well done.”

On this spot where the church now stands was a hill called “Green Hill,” dear to the memory of boys as a place for coasting in winter, and the place used to ring with their boyish voices and merry laughter.

Mr. Upjohn intended to give our fathers a beautiful church. And they had not the asceticism of St. Pachomius, who, on entering a new church he had designed, and being conscious of his great pride and delight in its beauty, ordered the workmen to pull the columns out of perpendicular, so as to humble his pride. Our founders believed in beautifying the House of God, and they made it beautiful.

Mr. Upjohn had provided a place for a bell, but the absence of a bell was not the result of any economical motive so much as a courtesy to residents in the immediate neighborhood.

But the completion of this building was but the beginning of the Church, which has been building with living stones all through the past fifty years.

In those days seventy-five thousand dollars was a large sum to expend on a church building, but so far from exhausting them, it seemed rather to be the key-note of their contributions to the Boards of the Church, which increased rather than diminished in amount.

Besides these regular contributions, they maintained during these early years several mission schools, among which were those of Sixth Avenue, Eleventh and Laurens streets. At least one of these missions became a mission church.

The Rev. Edward Payson and Mr. Marvin Briggs had charge of these missions at different times.

The Church Sabbath School was not the least of the means of grace to this Church in its early days, for out of the congregation all of the schools were well supplied with faithful superintendents and teachers. It was a member of this Church, who, as an instrument in God's hand, suggested and urged the formation of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City.

The association had its conception in a small prayer-meeting of seven Christian young men, four of whom were Presbyterians and members of this Church. This meeting, after increasing its members, took all the preliminary steps necessary to make the great meeting held in the Lecture Room of the Mercer Street church, a

complete success. It was owing to the thoroughly catholic views of Dr. Potts, that the persons selected to preside and take charge of the first public meeting were men who gave this meeting an entirely unsectarian character.

The proverb "Blessed are the people who have no annals" may well be applied to this Church. Its life has been an era of peace. It has always been happy in selecting men to take charge of both its spiritual and temporal matters who were actuated by a spirit of harmony. That spirit has been a blessed inheritance to the Church.

The prayer of their leader was answered when he died in the harness after more than forty years of constant pastoral work.

His life was so much the life of the Church that it seems fitting to place in this record the following tribute from his people:

*Memorial of the Rev. George Potts, D.D. Extract from the Sessional Record of the Presbyterian Church on University Place, New York.*

It having pleased God to remove by death the Rev. George Potts, D.D., pastor of the University Place Church, the session deem it proper to place on their minutes, in expression of their high estimate and grateful recollection of him, a brief memorial of his life and character.

Dr. George Potts was born in Philadelphia, March 15th, 1802, of parents who were prepared

by their high religious character to fill toward him the office of Christian guides and instructors.

His father was the pastor of a Presbyterian Church in that city, and much esteemed for his piety and usefulness.

The son was accordingly trained in the knowledge and fear of God, and while yet a youth became the subject of the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, and made a public profession of his faith in Christ.

He entered the University of Pennsylvania in his fourteenth year in the Sophomore class, graduating at the age of seventeen, and immediately entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., then under the care of Dr. Archibald Alexander.

Early in his twenty-first year he was graduated from his theological course, and was licensed to preach the same year.

Early in his twenty-second year Dr. Archibald Alexander sent him to the Presbyterian Church at Natchez, Miss., in answer to their request for a pastor, when they immediately placed a call in his hands.

He remained in charge of this church for about thirteen years, during which period his powers were matured, his manners as a preacher formed, and his rank and influence as a gifted and faithful minister of the word established.

At the beginning of his thirty-sixth year he was called to the pastorate of the Duane Street church in this city, where he continued with great acceptableness and usefulness until 1845.

when the removal of many of the families of the Duane Street congregation to the neighborhood of Washington Square led them and others to unite in the organization of a separate Church and the erection of the University Place edifice, in which they have continued to worship.

His installation as pastor of the Church took place in November, 1846.

This has been the scene of his most energetic and effective labors. A large congregation being soon formed, eminently united in their doctrinal views, harmonious in their social relations, and warmly attached to their pastor, a season of great prosperity followed.

The audiences were large, many additions were made to the Church, and the whole attitude of the pastor, the Church, and the congregation, in their several spheres, was highly gratifying and encouraging.

As Dr. Potts enjoyed for a considerable period uninterrupted health, he performed the duties of his ministry, in the pulpit and in the congregation, with but little aid from others.

He here found a sphere suited to his eminent talents, his large culture, his pleasure in his pulpit work, his appreciation of the affection of his people, and his sympathy with them in their enjoyments and their sorrows.

He held a high rank as a preacher, was of a commanding presence, had a full, rich voice, and a distinct, emphatic, and earnest elocution; he held the attention and swayed the affections of his hearers with ease and power.

His discourses were always on subjects that are proper to the Christian preacher, and of variety in their themes, embracing the great doctrines of the Bible, the duties it enjoins, its consolations, its warnings, its promises, and its revelations of the future, couched in a style simple, clear, and exact, embodying fresh and glowing thoughts and apt illustrations. It was a high privilege to listen to his faithful instructions and awe-inspiring appeals and admonitions.

Who could fail to be impressed with the suitableness, the truthfulness, and the beauty of his delineations of the attributes and rights of God, and the fidelity and earnestness of the effect with which he unfolded and proclaimed Christ's work for the redemption of men?

From whose heart can the impressions ever fade that were made by the unrivaled freshness, variety, copiousness, and fervor of his confessions, his prayers, his thanksgivings, and the whole circle of his devotional utterances? In whom can the memory ever die of the elevation and pathos that characterized his addresses on Sacramental occasions? Who can forget his faithfulness, and prudence, his delicacy and tenderness, at the bedside of the sick and at the obsequies of the dead? Happy were they who enjoyed his ministry during that vigorous and fervid period.

After a long, laborious, and prosperous course, impaired health began occasionally to withhold him from the pulpit; but it was not until the winter of the present year that his disease assumed a threatening form. He preached his last dis-

course at the commemoration of Christ's death in May; and having—at his request—been released for a period from the cares of his office, that he might seek restoration, in a letter which was read from the pulpit he bade his loved people an affectionate and impressive farewell for the season.

How little was it then thought that that was the last act of his ministry.

Instead, however, of finding relief in the remission of labor, his illness gradually took a more discouraging form, and at length terminated in death on Thursday, the fifteenth of September, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, in the sixty-third year of his age.

His obsequies took place on Monday, the nineteenth instant, and his burial at Greenwood on the following morning.

His departure casts a shadow on our hearts. We grieve that we are to see his face no more, that we are not again to hear the cheering and persuasive accents of his voice.

Blessed be God for the assurance that when our summons from this vale of sorrows comes we shall meet his greeting at the threshold of heaven, and share with him the joys and glories of an immortal life.

In testimony of our deep sympathy with the family of the deceased, we present them a copy of this memorial.

Signed,

DR. DAVID N. LORD,  
HORACE GREEN,  
C. C. DARLING.

December 8th, 1864, at a meeting of the congregation, a call was unanimously extended to the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea. Mr. Duryea could not see his way clear to accept the call, and on April 6th, 1865, a call was extended to Rev. Alfred H. Kellogg, of Easton, Pa.

Presbytery appointed May 3, 1865, for his installation, appointing Rev. Joseph Greenleaf moderator.

The sermon was assigned to Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, D.D., of Princeton;

The charge to the pastor to the Rev. William Henry Green, D.D., of Princeton; and

The charge to the people to the Rev. John Thompson, D.D., of N. Y.

Mr. Kellogg began his pastorate on the seventh of May, 1865.

I may mention here an interesting episode in Mr. Kellogg's ministry.

Soon after his installation Mr. Kellogg was sent by Presbytery to ordain the Rev. Arthur Potts, who was successfully gathering a congregation in the Twenty-third Ward (Morrisania). On his return to his Church (at a prayer-meeting) he called their attention to the needs of this young Church, and recommended them to remove the debt of the Church and make it a memorial to their late pastor, instead of erecting an expensive and useless monument in Greenwood.

In response to this suggestion they raised nine thousand dollars, which placed the Church out of debt.

The record of this transaction is to be found on the minutes of the Presbytery of Westchester, which recognized the Church under *its legal title*, "The Potts Memorial."

But a *faithful pastor's memorial* cannot be built in wood, or brick, or stone. It is *written in lives*, in impressions made on the fleshly tablets of human hearts, in *the blessed dead who die in the Lord*, in the *living* who hold fast their faith.

Who can look unmoved on the passage of time, whether we mark it off in centuries, or years, or days?

Fifty years!—of precious hours, of days, of opportunities.

The minutes run like sands in an hour-glass, more precious than silver or gold or diamonds.

But the past is not only to be subdivided into *sections of time*, but the years just ended stand for fifty years of many human lives. What hopes and fears; what agonies and groans; what joys and sorrows; what records of disaster and sudden calamity; what achievements and defeats; how many births and deaths; how many souls won for Christ; how many gone out in darkness!

In the land of the dead an hour-glass has been placed as a symbol that the sands of a life

have run out, but it is far better to place such a glass in living hands reminding them of the rapid passage of time.

We have looked back on the past years, and now we turn the glass, and the running minutes *begin to measure* out the fifty years to come. Past achievements must not limit the horizon of purpose.

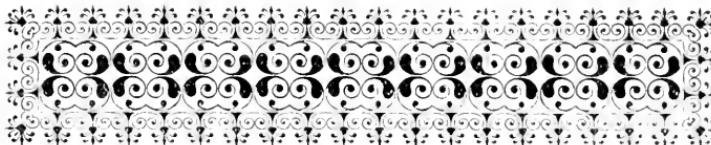
When Spain once thought she stood on the western boundary of the world, and her Gibraltar was the gateway to that world, she stamped her coin with the "Pillars of Hercules" and the legend, "Ne plus ultra," but after the faith and perseverance of Columbus had dispelled that false impression and opened a new world, she altered the legend to "plus ultra."

Let this be our inspiration to-night; let the past only nerve us for still greater achievements.





REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D. D., LL. D.



Address, "The United Church," by the  
**Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D., LL.D.**

*Dr. Alexander and Dear Friends of the United Church:*

**M** AM greatly gratified and honored by being permitted to be present with you to-night and to attempt the recital of some of those events which were connected with the establishment of this Church, in whose past, as well as in whose present, so many are interested. I have with me here to-night many interesting memoranda in connection with the years that are past. These will be at your service when the annals of this great celebration shall be written, and, if not included in those records, may be kept as a memorial in the archives of the Church. It was a pleasure to me in the olden

time to make these records, and they were preserved. I shall not attempt to read them here to-night, nor will I read that which I have written of the records of the united Church, for the reason that the time is now far spent, and that we have in anticipation a collation and a social gathering, which will be a feature of essential interest in the service of this evening. Of these records of the past I might say as the Apostle John says in the closing verse of his Gospel: that the "world would scarce contain the books that might be written." Certainly I might say that all the hours of this evening would not suffice to tell the story of this Church. It must of necessity be greatly condensed and only the main features presented. I remember some one in Washington, in connection with the editorial work of a certain newspaper, proposed a prize for whoever would present for publication a history of the Continent of America in relation to the United States, within the space of a hundred words. An individual whose name is not given won this prize. I have his composition in my possession now, and have read it in five and forty seconds, and it fairly comprehended the essential features of this amazing history. Such condensation is possible and is impressive, and yet we desire, concerning matters in which we are interested, ampler details. It is recorded of Napoleon Bonap-

parte that, in his prison at St. Helena, he busied himself in contemplating the magnitude of the place which he would occupy for years to come. "Now," he said, "the world is almost filled with the fame of my doings; in a little while a volume will suffice to describe them; in a little while a page will be adequate, and again in a little while my name alone will stand, even as now the name of Charlemagne scarcely attracts the attention of the reader." So the memories of the past as we consider them in such a scene as this are moving and stimulating, and they are most precious, yet we know that they will be transient, and many of them, with the impressions of the evening, will quickly pass away. It is well, therefore, that we should pause, on such occasions, and, as far as possible, should seal those memories afresh on our hearts as we draw them from the recesses of the past.

It is now five and thirty years since my relations to this part of our city were first established, or rather just at the beginning of the year 1861. It is essential to the truth of history that I should give some account of the events occurring at that time and subsequently, in order that an impression which was created by the utterances of last evening may be corrected. It is cause for congratulation that the history of that Church did not conclude with the pastorate of the Rev. Dr.

Clarke. After that time there were many years of service and not a few achievements which have left their fruit, and yet at the outset the work was not one of promise. When I came to the Mercer Street Church to begin my labors as pastor, I had much reason for discouragement. I found all the evidences of a preparation for removal. The attractions of that distant part of our city known as "Murray Hill" (near Thirty-fifth street) had seduced the affections of not a few of the people. They were making ready to depart, and some had already gone. At the first meeting of the Session which I attended we dismissed one hundred and four of the old members of the Mercer Street Church, many of them persons who had taken part in its great and glorious history. Some of those whose names were inscribed upon my call were already pledged to go, and I well remember that I had a heavy heart as I stood up that night to take upon me the promises which our Rules of Discipline require, and enter upon a service which seemed to offer so little prospect of success. It seemed an ominous event that, in the midst of the proceedings, all the lights went out. Yet this event was not really symbolical of that which was to come, for it was my great fortune to have around me at that very time some men who well illustrated the old saying of John Selden, that "Wisdom is a different thing from learning,

and that all the learning in the world will not make men wise." If there were lacking some who had been distinguished in the past for great things, there were still not a few wise men who remained. They were like the men described in Scripture who knew how to sling with the right hand and the left; men who had the courage that was adequate to the conditions, and who were resolute to carry on that work under God's blessing. Surrounded by these men, some of whom I see here to-night, we undertook that work. It was begun amid the thunders of the cannon that saluted the election of Abraham Lincoln, and though we knew it not, proclaimed the oncoming of the war. It was in the midst of these salutations that we plunged into the serious question whether the Mercer Street Church, which had been heretofore the home of so much that was in sympathy with Southern life and Southern evangelism, should take its stand for the Union, or should hold its peace in that great exigency. Now it is not much, speaking of a time so far gone by, to say that the stand that was taken by the pastor and sustained in the end by the signature of every man in all that congregation, settled matters for the cause of right, so far as the Fifteenth Ward was concerned, and speedily resulted in filling the Church with adherents who chose to be where there was no question concern-

ing the supremacy of our flag and the maintenance of our National Union.

The years that followed were blessed years indeed. What a company of men were gathered around me; what support and comfort and unfaltering fidelity they rendered. Some of them are here to-night, among whom you find your most efficient helpers. Some men of that congregation have crossed from the distant shores of Jersey to be present with us; some are in the glory of the other world. I take pride and pleasure (since he is not here to-night) in laying the hand of recognition and of blessing on the head of Thomas Bond, now called the "Father" of this Session, who never failed nor flinched nor lacked in cheer and comfort, and who, on the whole, came nearer to the pastor in the ministries of sympathy than any other man. Yet, joined with him and such as he, there was a company of great and noble men whose names live in my memory, though I will not attempt to cite them here to-night.

And now I will give, as briefly as I can, the record of that method by which, in the providence of God, that old church was perpetuated and joined in the spiritual union with this other church in which we are now assembled, whose records and achievements have been so clearly presented to you by our brother, Dr. Potts, to-

night. How shall we get at this story? Well, we will begin with the greater interest that affected the location of the churches. I should say that the changes which were in progress in the neighborhood had already begun to be apparent early after the closing of the war. At one time the Mercer Street Church had thirty families in Clinton Place and twice as many more in the immediate neighborhood, but the changes of residence were continually diminishing these numbers, and in proportion as they resided at a distance their attendance became more uncertain. In view of these conditions it seemed wise, in the latter portion of this decade, that the Church should seek to change its locality. And here the hand of God was shown in its overruling and directing power, as it is so often shown when men seek simply to do their duty. At that juncture it was a withholding and a hindering hand. Some of you remember, brethren, how hard we tried to get away from this locality and establish ourselves up town, but could not go. We traveled far and wide, looking for a site. On one occasion Mr. R. H. L. Townsend loaned his horses and carriage, and, after a long exploration, we came to the corner of Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, and there were met by a gentleman who has since obtained some prominence in the great organization that has since controlled our city, and

he offered to let us have those lots, excavated and ready for building, for fifty thousand dollars. We declined the offer because the site was not altogether suitable or attractive, and yet it was the site on which St. Bartholomew's Church now stands. In fact, our eyes were blinded because we had other work to do. Then we strove to obtain a lease of land under the ownership of Columbia College, but after a time that offer was declined because the corporation did not desire a church upon its land. So we were left to "dree our weird" and bear our burden as best we could. And things ran along still in the expectation (as our brother Bond said) that sooner or later the cloud would lift, as it did before in the pathway of old Israel, and God would show us what to do. Meanwhile the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church had been effected, the Old and New School had come together in one organization. It was agreed that this union could be accomplished upon the following basis: "The union shall be effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common standards. The Scripture of the Old and New Testaments shall be acknowledged to be the inspired word of God and the only infallible rule of faith and practice. The Confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scrip-

ture, and the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States shall be approved as containing the principles and rules of our policy." After this reunion had been effected, in Pittsburg, on the 12th of November, 1869, a union meeting of Presbyterians residing in this neighborhood was held in this church to commemorate this great event, and on Thanksgiving Day of the following week, by invitation of the pastor and session of the University Place Church, the two congregations united in this place in worship and thanksgiving to Almighty God. Doubtless the effect of these acts of intercourse was perceptible in the subsequent results. I well remember that at that Thanksgiving service I was asked by Pastor Kellogg to read from the chapter in Nehemiah which contains the word "Booth" something like twenty times, and each time it is indicated as a blessing.

At this point I desire to say a word in reference to our brother the Rev. A. H. Kellogg, then pastor of the University Place Church. Full justice has never been done to that eloquent and godly minister, in that relation which we are now considering, namely, as to the process by which these two Churches came to be united. It was not from any sense of failure on his part nor from any reason of spiritual discouragement, but in order that the union of the two churches might be

effected, that he relinquished this very attractive Church and went from them to another field of labor, leaving behind him the earnest exhortation to the brethren that they should not long delay this consolidation. As a result of these influences, I was invited during that winter, or early in the spring, to call upon Mr. John C. Green, accompanied by Mr. James Brown, my friend, and there we talked the matter over. I remember that I proposed to resign and leave the position for some one else who might be called by the united Church. Again the matter waited for awhile, and finally a committee, consisting of Mr. Green, Mr. Brown, and Mr. David M. Lord, were appointed to confer with myself and my Session to determine the methods by which the union could be effected if agreeable to both. The congregation of the Mercer Street Church carefully considered the proposition and decided to accept it, relinquishing their own church building and entering into a union with the congregation of this church. The basis of the union, as finally agreed upon, was that the two Churches should be consolidated by the Presbytery of New York; that the two Sessions and the two Boards of Deacons should be united, and that the Board of Trustees of the University Place Church should be continued in their office, vacancies to be filled by the new congregation as from time to time

they occurred; and all the property of the Mercer Street Church to be vested in this Board. It was also provided that the seats in the University Place Church which were not owned by individuals should be sold and payment made for them in scrip, which had been assigned to the pew-owners in the Mercer Street Church, this scrip being given for the proportionate part of the sum paid for that church by Commodore Vanderbilt, who had bought it for the use of the Church of the Strangers, then enjoying the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Deems. It was also provided that the hymn-book to be used by the new Church should be chosen by the United Session. These matters are mentioned to indicate the nature of the preliminary arrangements, and it must be acknowledged that time, care, and patience, were required for their adjustment. It is noticeable that nothing was provided in regard to the doctrinal basis of the new organization, it being well understood that the basis so clearly laid down in the plan of union of the two Assemblies was a sufficient and honorable guarantee. These preliminaries having been settled, the next step (and a painful one it was) was the closing of Presbyterian worship in the venerable and beloved Mercer Street Church. On the closing Sabbath of July, 1870, the last services were held in that building, and I, as pastor, preached from the text: "Peace be

within thy walls; prosperity within thy palaces." Psalm cxxii, 7, 8. The following extract may be cited as bearing upon the occasion :

"We are brought to-day, by the good providence of God, into a position in which these thoughts concerning the true peace and prosperity of the Church of Christ have a peculiar relation to our past history and to our future prospects. We come for the last time to worship together as a Church in this house of God. It is now thirty-five years since a little company of twenty-six persons was organized by the Third Presbytery of New York, and began to assemble for worship under the name of the Mercer Street Church. A few months after, they took possession of this building, in which from year to year the ordinances of the Gospel have been administered and the blessings of a covenant-keeping God have been enjoyed.

"It is not my purpose to enter at this time into any details of the long, and varied, and deeply-interesting history of these years. Had the season in which we hold these closing services favored the assembling of the congregation, now in great part so widely scattered, it might have been wise for us to signalize the event by placing a special emphasis upon the historic memories which cluster here, by reviving with minuteness the incidents of spiritual life, the toils and hopes and joys which have marked our past career, and by passing in review, as was done a few years ago, the dear and honored names of many who

have gone from this scene of labor to the rewards of Heaven.

“But while I purpose no such extended history in the present circumstances, the occasion calls for some recognition of the fact that we are passing, as a Church, from our birthplace and our early home into new and greatly changed relations; and, while the change is one which we accept with approving judgments, we cannot but feel a sense of sadness at the inevitable parting from scenes which we have the strongest reason to hold dear.

“In looking backward over the years during which our Church has worshiped here, it is permitted to us to recognize a steadfast adherence to the principles of its profession, and a large measure of success in securing the ends for which it was established. It has been, with scarce any qualification, a devoted, liberal, successful, peaceful, and prosperous Church.”

The preacher referred to a former historical discourse, and reiterated the traits then specified, viz.:

“*First.* The harmonious spirit which has pervaded its life from the beginning;

“*Second.* The constant presence of the Holy Spirit in his renewing and sanctifying work;

“*Third.* The prominence of doctrinal truth in the ministrations of its successive pastors, especially of those doctrines which involve the free grace of the glorious Gospel;

*"Fourth.* The large measure of primitive, apostolic piety which has marked many of its members;

*"Fifth.* This Church has been signally favored of God in the possession of a large number of Christians who have been eminent for their natural and spiritual gifts, and who have been burning and shining lights in the world.

"It is, no doubt, to many of us, one of the sad features of the exodus we are now making that we are compelled to leave the scenes which, by so many sweet and hallowed associations, bring up before us such names as those of Mason, Phelps, Markoe, Tomlinson, Butler, Bull, Sedgwick, Chester, Magie, Wainwright, Sprague, Boorman, and a hundred others, who were not only eminent for piety and usefulness, but also filled conspicuous places in this community. Here they lived and labored, and the sweet fragrance of their virtues lingers still within these hallowed walls."

The preacher next referred to the large degree of Christian liberality which has ever marked this people, and which has had much to do with the building up of what was, until lately, our branch of the Presbyterian Church, and with the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth. During the thirty-five years under review, the plate collections have amounted to \$300,000.00.<sup>1</sup>

This Church was foremost in the work of city evangelization, which has now assumed such large proportions. Commenced among us under the

<sup>1</sup> One of the elders of this church who has looked over its records assures us that the aggregate of its contributions exceeds a million of dollars!

influence of Judge Mason, that work has been a grand success, and its extent and faithfulness have not diminished even to the present time. This Church has wrought out a noble record on this ground, and all who love it can look upon the past with thanksgiving and rejoicing. The agencies and influences which have been sent forth from this center have no limit in time, and I doubt not will be directly connected with the final triumph of the Gospel.

A numerical statement of the growth and present condition of the Church cannot in the present circumstances be given with accuracy, but it will approximate these figures:

Additions on profession . . . . .	900
By certificate from other Churches .	1,400
Total, about . . . . .	2,300

There are about 600 on the rolls of the Church at present, and 450 in active fellowship.

The speaker, in conclusion, reminded his hearers, some of whom could scarcely restrain their feelings during portions of the discourse, of the broad difference of the Church of Christ as a living organism, a body called and quickened by the Holy Spirit and united with the Lord in faithful fellowship, and the building in which such a body meets for work and worship.

"To give light and to save life," was the inscription on the base of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

The Church of Christ must find its highest ends and fullest joy not in clinging to old walls and long familiar seats, however dear they may be, but in adapting itself to those conditions which extend its usefulness, perpetuate its life, augment its power, and accomplish its Divine work. It is of far more importance to this Church of ours to live, to continue to put forth its energies, and, if God's blessing be upon it, to make a lasting impression upon this neighborhood, than it is for us to indulge the natural attachment which binds us to this revered place. The problem which has occupied our thoughts for the past two years has been solved by a higher wisdom than our own. We all feel it to be so, and the arrangements into which we are about to enter are in the highest degree acceptable and auspicious. While we remain upon this field where we have so long labored, and which for many reasons I regard as one full of promise for the future, we are to find a new home in an attractive sanctuary, among Christian brethren who have already won our confidence and love, and with whom we anticipate the peace and prosperity of which our text has told us. The union of these two Churches will, we confidently hope, be real, and vital, and affectionate, standing forth among the Churches of the city as a visible symbol of the reality and power of that denominational reunion which has now been so happily accomplished in our land.

"Nor should it be left out of the account that in this change we do not forsake our sanctuary to turn it over to unhallowed or to common uses.

It is to be a sanctuary still, and our best wishes and our prayers will follow those who, under the guidance of an eminent and godly pastor, come after us to take possession here, and to continue to cultivate the field around it. That all that has been prosperous and peaceful in our occupation may be realized by them, and more a hundred-fold under God's blessing, will surely be the united aspiration of each one of us.

" It is in this spirit then, dear brethren, that we would say farewell to-day to this dear old sanctuary home, where so many of our fathers have labored and entered into rest; where so many of our children have been baptized and brought into the fold of Christ; where so many Christian works have been begun, continued, and ended, in the Lord; where so many strangers have found a friendly shelter, and so many prodigals have returned to their Father's house. It is dear to us by a thousand precious associations, and we shall always love its name and hold the memory of it in our hearts.

" But we would go out with confidence that God leads us on for good to come. I seem to realize an application of the prophet's promise to this experience of ours to-day: 'Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'

The University Place Church was re-opened to receive its new congregation on the eighteenth

of September. The text for the occasion was : "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The Sabbath-school of the Mercer Street Church came from its room in a procession and joined itself to the Sabbath-school which was gathered here. By action of the Presbytery, the two Churches had been united on the sixteenth of September previously, and on the twenty-second of September a call was extended by the united congregation to the Rev. Dr. Robert R. Booth to become the pastor. On October ninth the first communion was celebrated with an attendance that filled the house. On the thirtieth of October I was installed, the Rev. Dr. Adams preaching the sermon, and the Rev. Doctors Paxton, Prentiss, Hutton, and Murray taking part in the services. The number of members of the united Church at that time was 716. Thus the work was accomplished, not without some trial and, possibly, at some points, little friction, but with evident tokens of the Divine approval. From that time on the union was real. The fellowship was complete. We became one in the Lord. The seamy side was turned under, and we never saw it again or heard of it. There never was a quarrel, there never was confusion, there was never a difference in the Session for all those thirteen years. It was a scene of harmony and fellowship where brethren dwelt together in the love of Christ. The con-

gregation settled down into the new conditions with evident desire to seek the things which make for peace. The Church was full to overflowing and the financial interests were managed without the slightest difficulty. The chapel attendance was especially gratifying. Seats were needed in the aisles of the somewhat limited room. The vacant places of the Board of Trustees were progressively filled without reference to any previous division of interests. The memory of that work is clear and delightful to me now, notwithstanding the sense of personal effort which was connected with it. I ought to remark at this point that the first action taken by the Session of the united Church was to decide that we would take part in the raising of a fund for the erection of a chapel for the Avenue D Mission, or the Dry Dock Mission, as it was sometimes called. This resolution had its influence in the success that was afterward attained, which may be more properly referred to later on in the history.

And now it would seem that I am just at the beginning of my subject, and I can only, in the limited time that remains, give you the points that characterize the history of this united Church as I ministered to it for the succeeding thirteen years.

First of all I may mention the steady ingathering of souls from the world into the Kingdom of

Christ. During that period 1095 united with this Church and with its missions on confession of faith ; 346 united by letter. When I left the Church the membership was 1226.

*Secondly.* I would speak of the erection of Emmanuel Chapel and of its mission work. As it had been already determined that a fund should be raised for this purpose, it was further decided that our offering to the Memorial or "Five Million Fund," which was designed to commemorate the reunion of the two branches of the Church, should take the form of the erection of a building on the East side, as a home for the Dry Dock Mission. The previous history of this mission reads like a romance. One of the strongest longings of the Mercer Street Church had been that it might have a permanent home. The conclusion of this purpose was carried out in the united Church with noble subscriptions from Messrs. Greene, Brown, Denny, Parker, Bliss, with offerings from the congregation and the people of the mission itself, until, on the fifteenth of February, 1874, the beautiful chapel was opened and dedicated for its blessed work. The history of this undertaking will be presented to you at a later period in this celebration by my honored relative, Mr. Otis W. Booth, and I need only say, concerning it, at this point, that it well illustrated a wise saying of our brother Bond that "wherever there is in this

world a seed of good sown in the proper spirit, there a harvest may be expected as surely in the spiritual as in the natural world."

The Bethlehem Mission should also be mentioned as an object of care of the united congregation—first located in the Sixth Avenue building, and afterward in the Wooster Street Public School, and now happily established in its Bleeker Street home.

*Thirdly.* I might properly call attention to the personal character of the united congregation. This was remarkable. Prominent representative men were numerous,—noble and illustrious men,—who filled these pews and coöperated with us in the ministry of the Gospel. To individualize their names might be invidious. They were indeed a goodly company of friends and fellow-workers for the kingdom of Christ.

*Fourthly.* It is proper that I should also mention the beginning of that great work of women for Foreign Missions which was centered here about that time. Under the guidance and inspiration of Mrs. James Lorimer Graham, with a feeble beginning in the New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona societies, that work has progressed until it is now the glory of our Church and spreads its influence over every land. As a direct result, this undertaking led to the establishment of that other work for Home Missions which is no less a bless-

ing to our country. It was among the ladies of this congregation that this conception of their responsibility and power originated. Here this society held its first anniversary; here it was rocked in the infancy of its cradle, and from that time on it has been developing, until now its influence is felt throughout the world.

*Fifthly.* An important feature of those years of labor was the successful effort to pay the debts resting upon the New York churches. In the year 1878, when it was learned that very many of the churches of New York were under heavy mortgage, Mrs. John C. Green initiated the undertaking of lifting those burdens, giving from the estate of her late husband one hundred and forty thousand dollars, on condition that the several congregations which were thus burdened should raise the money which was needed to free them from their debts. The aggregate amount of money which was raised exceeded seven hundred thousand dollars, and when that work was concluded the Presbyterian churches of New York were practically free of debt.

*Sixthly.* I should not fail to mention the participation of the Church in those years in the work of Christian reform and evangelical enterprise in this city; in the assistance and sympathy that were extended to the enterprises conducted by Jerry McAuley, Michael Dunn, and others, who

were engaged in lifting the degraded, this Church was conspicuous. Mr. McAuley once said to me: "Dr. Booth, there is no Church in this city that has so comforted me and helped me in my heavenward path as yours has." Other things remain, but I must pass them by for lack of time. Thus the fruitful years have passed, but their record is on high, and the successive harvests of the seed thus sown continually increase under new workers working ever in the old love and zeal.

Dr. Alexander and kind friends, when, by reason of impaired health, broken down as I supposed, I went away from this fair field in the year 1883, believing firmly in the power of prayer, I prayed each day to my Heavenly Father, during that interval when you were without a pastor, that He would save this Church from disintegration and removal, and send to it a faithful man who could hold it up on his strong, loving heart, and thus perpetuate the work which had been continued from the ancient past. And here to-night, concluding what I have said so imperfectly, and I fear at too great length, I publicly and gratefully recognize God's blessing on your ministry, dear brother.



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.

**Mr. Robert Lenox Belknap, Presiding.**

**Service at 8 p. m.**

SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMMEMORATION.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EMMANUEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BY MR. OTIS W. BOOTH.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BETHLEHEM SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BY REV. HERBERT FORD.

ADDRESS BY REV. THOMAS MARSHALL, D.D.

**Church School.**

UNIVERSITY PLACE AND TENTH STREET.

Sabbath Morning, 9.45 o'clock.

MR. ROBERT LENOX BELKNAP, Superintendent.

DR. WILLIAM H. PARK, Assistant Superintendent.

**Emmanuel Chapel School.**

727-737 SIXTH STREET.

Sabbath Afternoon, 2.30 o'clock.

MR. OTIS W. BOOTH, Superintendent.

MR. THOMAS DENNY, Assistant Superintendent.

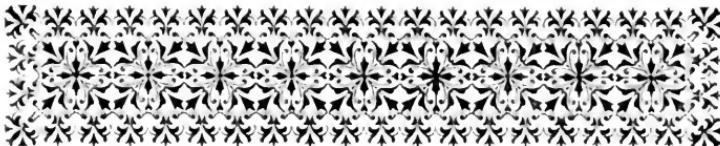
**Bethlehem Chapel School.**

196 BLEECKER STREET.

Sabbath Afternoon, 2.30 o'clock.

REV. HERBERT FORD, Superintendent.

MR. ALEXANDER BARCLAY, Assistant Superintendent.



## Remarks by Mr. Robert Lenor Belknap.

**T**HE next thing on the programme is stated to be "remarks by the superintendent of the home school." I do not think you want to hear from me, certainly not at any length. The church school has been a growing school. It has been an earnest school, and one which has exercised a lasting influence upon the hearts of many who have passed through its portals. We cannot expect the school at this place to be a large one. But we can expect it, and we do expect it, to be one equipped with a corps of teachers devoted to their work, and with a corps of scholars anxious to learn. I can bear testimony to the qualifications and the devotedness of the teachers, and the earnestness and attention of the scholars.

Some years ago, we scarcely touched elbows in the lecture-room. A day that we had a hundred in number was a red-letter day. Now, it is not even a "blue Monday." We had to enlarge. The first enlargement came with the purchase of the Church House and its use for the Bible-classes and primary class. The next enlargement has just been made by joining the lecture-room to the Church House, so as to utilize all the space. I hope on next Sabbath to increase the number of classes by four, so that we may be fitted for more efficient work than we have yet been able to carry on.

Now one word to those of our friends from the chapels who, in coming here, have not realized the fact that they were coming home. We look upon you all, members of Emmanuel Chapel and of Bethlehem Chapel, as being of our flesh and bone. As the Gospel of Jesus Christ is taught in the schools, as souls are brought into the kingdom in the days of their youth, so will the Church increase and prosper. We have seen all sorts of methods employed for the purpose of gathering people into the Sunday-school. I think I am safe in saying that there has been only one thing used in any of the schools of this church, and that is the invitation, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

It is certainly very gratifying to the officers and

members of this Church, who are in the habit of worshiping in this building, to welcome here so fine a delegation from Emmanuel Chapel. We all know that if the whole school had come there would have been no room for the rest of us. I am very glad that so many of you have accepted our invitation, and only sorry that the church is not large enough to hold you all.

To our friends from Bethlehem Chapel we extend also our hearty welcome. You are nearer us in point of distance, and we trust that you will come here, and let us see you face to face, more frequently.





EMMANUEL CHAPEL.



## Historical Sketch of Emmanuel Sunday-School by Mr. Otis W. Booth.

**F**ORTY-FOUR years ago, on the evening of November 25, 1851, in accordance with a notice given from the pulpit of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church on the preceding Sabbath, a meeting of the congregation was held in the lecture-room of the church, at which the following resolution was adopted, namely :

*"Resolved,* That it is our duty as a church and congregation to adopt immediate and efficient measures to carry the Gospel to the destitute of our city."

In order that this action might be more carefully considered and discussed, this resolution was reconsidered at a subsequent meeting held on

Sunday evening, November 30, 1851, and then readopted.

A little later committees were appointed to consider the needs of different sections of the city, and on the recommendation of one of these committees, in the early spring of 1852, it was decided to commence a mission in the Eleventh Ward. Rooms were secured in the building No. 118 Avenue D, between Eighth and Ninth streets. The lot on which the building stands is 23 feet front by 80 feet in depth. In the second story of this building, on Sunday, March 28, 1852, Sunday-school and preaching services were commenced.

It appears from the records of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church that quite an extensive revival of religion had been experienced by that Church just before the action taken toward the establishment of this mission, and that this work was begun under a deep sense of the obligation resting upon the Church, and as a thank-offering to God for the great blessing He had bestowed in gathering so many into its communion from the families connected with the Church.

Thus, in the spring of 1852, the leaven was placed in the three measures of meal. The mission at first was known as "The Avenue D Mission," but later as "The Dry Dock Mission," and the building thus opened for religious work was

so occupied without interruption until the third Sunday in February, 1874.

The Eleventh Ward, in the early days of the mission, had quite a large native-born adult population, and many of its houses were occupied only by the owners' families. The river front was given up to ship-building and kindred industries, and many of the finest clipper-ships of the world were built within the ward. There were then, and there have been ever since, very many honest, faithful mechanics living in the ward,—men ever ready to give in return for their wages good and honest labor,—men who faithfully tried to lead respectable lives, and to make their homes comfortable and happy, and to bring up their children to be useful and respectable.

But it was not from this class alone that the children of the Sunday-school of the Avenue D Mission were gathered. All classes contributed a portion. During the winter months the warm, comfortable rooms of the mission, often open in the week-day evenings as well as on the Sabbaths, were very attractive to the rougher and more unruly boys of the ward. Years passed before it was certain that a Sunday-school service or evening prayer-meeting could be conducted in an orderly, Christian way; but patience and perseverance, under the blessing of our Lord, gradually gained control of those who came to the

services. For many years the Sunday-school attendance averaged between two and three hundred. Gradually the numbers increased; but, better yet, the religious spirit and interest of the people increased, until it became apparent that larger and more suitable accommodations were needed, and would be profitably used if provided.

In 1873 ground was purchased in Sixth Street, and the erection of what was thought to be an amply commodious building for the mission was commenced.

On the third Sunday in February, 1874, the Sunday-school of the Dry Dock Mission left its much-loved rooms at 118 Avenue D, and in a body some 600 strong marched to its new home in its new building on Sixth Street. This building was dedicated to the worship and service of God under one of the most expressive names of the Son of God—"Emmanuel"—and ever since has been known as EMMANUEL CHAPEL. A few years later this large chapel was outgrown by its Sunday-school, and in 1880 an additional building was erected on its westerly side, to be used for its infant class. A couple of years later another building, to be known as the "Memorial Room," adjoining the chapel, and on the rear of the infant class building, was finished. Emmanuel Chapel to-day, including its parsonage, infant class, and memorial buildings, covers ground 135

feet front on Sixth Street, by 90 feet 10 inches in depth.

It is a matter of record that in its beginning and early history this work was planned and carried forward, so far as human instrumentality was concerned, by men eminent both in the secular and religious life of our city. They took a deep, unselfish, active interest in it. They gave their time and their money to its welfare. They have given the account of their stewardship, and He who knew from the beginning what would be the results of their faithfulness has already extended to them the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." And their works do follow them in this, at least, that when they fell asleep in Jesus, members of their families took up the cord where it was broken, and in some cases, at least, have contributed their offerings, and, we trust, their prayers, to the perpetuation and success of Emmanuel Chapel to the present hour. Generous contributions come in from these families whenever an appeal is made for Emmanuel Chapel. May God bless them richly!

Many, very many loving Christian friends have taken a lively interest in this work since its beginning. Some have given cheerfully of their time and talents to the work; some have given freely of their possessions. Many who have been interested in the work are no longer with us.

Changes of circumstances or of residence have removed some; death has claimed many; but it is doubtful if any sincere Christian has ever regretted an act or a gift for the welfare of Emmanuel Chapel or its people.

Great changes have taken place in the people living in the ward. To-day there are few, if any, houses occupied by a single family, and very many families, the adult members of which were foreign-born, have replaced the native-born of earlier days.

The work of the Sunday-school, too, has undergone great changes during these years. The numbers have increased, and the spirit and religious interest of its scholars have been undergoing a gradual but decided change for the better. Earnest and persistent prayer has been offered that He who came to Joshua as Captain of the hosts of the Lord, and who promised His disciples as He sent them forth into the world to make known His Gospel that He would be with them alway—that He would take entire charge of His work at Emmanuel Chapel, and guide and direct His servants in the ways pleasing to Himself. And it is apparent that He has heard and answered. The gathering of the children is His; the instruction given is His; the winning of souls is His; the labors of His servants are for Him; and, thanks be to His name, the glory is all His own.

The Sunday-school assembles in four divisions: The Adult Bible Classes, generally scholars of 17 years or over; the Junior Classes, generally scholars of 13 to 17 years; the Intermediate Class, almost without exception scholars between 10 and 13 years; and the Primary Class, scholars under 10 years of age.

Never in the history of the school has a more faithful and efficient band of teachers been engaged in the work than at present. Forty-eight teachers are required to teach the classes. The Teachers' meetings are held on Saturday evenings, and all the teachers living on the east side, and some from up-town, and some from Brooklyn, attend as regularly as they can.

The number of scholars now on the roll of the school is over 2200, and the average attendance for the current month has been 1350. A great blessing has rested for years past upon this Sunday-school. To-day almost all of the older scholars are professing Christians, and many of the younger scholars are coming into close Church relations. This is especially true of the children of the Intermediate Class.

The Bible Readers connected with the Chapel do most persistent and efficient service. They are always welcomed in the homes of the children, and as they learn so much of the home surroundings of the scholars and of the peculiarities and

temptations of the children, they are exceedingly well fitted to counsel and sympathize with them. The Bible Readers' influence in our school is very great, and, so far, has been wisely exerted. For many years it has been the custom of the school to have Bible Class No. 1, for young men, taught by the pastor of the church, thus bringing him into the closest touch with the school. This class has now an excellent teacher, is well attended, and is in a prosperous condition.

In looking back over the years of the life of this work, a few facts appear to stand out very prominently :

1st. A Sunday-school of large numbers can be gathered without offering any inducements or rewards to scholars to attend other than the simple teaching of Gospel truth by warm-hearted, earnest Christian teachers, bearing in mind the words of Jesus, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

2nd. The simple, earnest teaching of God's Word, without outside attractions, under the blessing of our Lord, has yielded abundant harvest, as is shown in the winning of souls and in the development of Christian character.

3rd. The services of well-chosen Bible Readers in connection with such a school are of the greatest value. They carry the Gospel acceptably into the homes of the scholars, and greatly assist the

scholars in their efforts to win for Jesus the members of their families.

4th. The experience of these years has shown that although the great mass of adult population living around Emmanuel Chapel need the Gospel, and we know the Gospel is exactly adapted to their need, very few, except as they come through the Sunday-school, ever hear it in the church. There are thousands of men living in the Eleventh Ward, good and honest clerks and mechanics, leading respectable lives in the community, many of them sending their children regularly to some Sunday-school and endeavoring to bring them up to be good and faithful in their lives, who have not the least inclination to attend a church service, and this is not because the preaching of the Gospel is poor.

The glory and honor of whatever success has attended this work is due entirely to our Lord Jesus Christ. His blessing has ever been upon it. It was He who led His faithful ones to plant the work where they did. It has been His hand that has guided it all through these years. He has inclined his people to sustain it by supplying the necessary funds, so that after more than forty years of life all debts are paid, and it is reasonably sure that this year will end, as others have, with a small balance in the treasury. He, too, it was who gave to this work the bright example

of a humble, sincere, unselfish, consecrated, and Christ-like life, in that of its Pastor, who for twenty-seven years preached the Gospel by his life far more effectively than words could express it. The blessed memory of that Pastor's life is to-day lovingly cherished in very many homes of the poor, and is a constant example to all who sincerely desire to excel in the graces of a true Christian character. When the first home of the mission was outgrown and larger and more suitable buildings were needed, He, our Lord Emmanuel, brought about the changes which secured the needed funds, and He had at hand a faithful servant of His own peculiarly adapted to interest those able to give and to guide in the planning of the work and in the collections of money, so that the buildings so peculiarly adapted to the need were erected, furnished, and equipped without leaving a dollar of debt. Most wondrously has He provided for the Dry Dock Mission and Emmanuel Chapel in giving to them consecrated, faithful, and unselfish pastors, Sunday-school teachers, Bible readers, and warm-hearted, generous friends. Our most sincere gratitude to-night should be poured out and find expression in tender love and faith and obedience to Him whose wonderful name our Chapel bears.

May our Lord "Emmanuel" ever bless Emmanuel Chapel.



the workers in the mission I have said that there have been many godly men and women, but Bethlehem has been fostered most of all by godly women. Of these there is a long list. One, however, should be particularly mentioned.

Bethlehem owes its continuation above all others to one godly woman, Mrs. Antoinette L. Chisholm, now at rest. Through cloud and sunshine, both temporal and spiritual, Mrs. Chisholm was to be found in her place from the time the work was first started. When God called her to lay down her work, He also called her daughter to take it up, so that one name has been associated with Bethlehem for the whole period of its existence, almost 49 years. A parallel case will be hard to find.

The data concerning the history of Bethlehem have been gathered partly from our Church records and partly from the memories of those engaged in this work—mostly from memories.

The work now prosecuted in Bethlehem Chapel results from the union of *three* distinct mission enterprises.

Shortly after the Church that first assembled in this building was well under way, the pastor, the Rev. George Potts, D.D., desired to find some field for the activity of his people.

Inquiries were made, and a Sabbath-school was started in the public-school building on Thir-

teenth Street, near Sixth Avenue, February 5, 1847. The young people called it familiarly the U. P. C. Mission. It began with small numbers, but in about two years there were about 150 scholars and about 15 teachers. The teachers faithfully visited their scholars, and in 1857 the school had grown to nearly 300. The first superintendent was Mr. Henry K. Bull, then a deacon in this Church.

Soon after the school was started, prayer-meetings were held in the Sabbath-school rooms on Sunday evenings. Besides these the teachers used to have prayer-meetings in various houses. An interesting result of one of these is told by an eye-witness. It occurred in 1857, when Mr. H. C. Haydn, now the Rev. Dr. Haydn, was connected with the mission. This particular meeting was held at the house of Dr. Potts. Theodore Monod was there—then a skeptic—but now the Evangelical Pastor in Paris, France. He could have steeled himself against arguments, but the deep feeling manifested by a new confessor, whom Mr. Haydn had induced to speak, made such an impression on him that he could not shake it off; he gave up all resistance afterward when touched with the fervent prayer of Mr. Charles Lloyd, another prominent worker in the mission.

The work was prosecuted with such earnestness that in 1858 the trustees decided to lease a

portion of the building 140 Sixth Avenue, formerly used by the Half Orphan Asylum. This was fitted up through the generosity of the late Mr. John C. Green, and in June of the same year the mission moved into its new quarters. The building was then placed under the supervision of the Session, who recorded their hope "That at some future time they might see the regular preaching of the Gospel also established there under the auspices of the University Place Church."

Elders C. C. Darling and David N. Lord were then appointed as a committee in charge of the work.

This hope was soon realized. So interesting had the work become that on October 4, 1858, the Session advised Dr. Potts to lay before the congregation the matter of preaching at the mission, and on November 5, 1858, it was decided to call the Rev. Charles H. Payson as Missionary Superintendent of the new rooms. His defined duties were "to take charge of the school and to preach the Gospel as opportunity may be afforded, and to perform any other duties pertaining to that post." As soon as the school was transferred to Sixth Avenue, the neighborhood was divided into districts by the teachers, who visited from house to house to gather scholars and to invite people to the preaching services. While in Sixth Avenue the school had a session

both morning and afternoon. The classes had names. Among others one was called the "Sentinels," and another, a class of colored women, bore the name "Roses of Sharon."

Mr. Payson was very successful. Ten years after, his pastorate was spoken of as the "Red-letter" period of the mission. He resigned in 1860 and went to take charge of the Adams Memorial Chapel.

It is an interesting and blessed fact that the period 1857-58, when the desire was expressed to commence regular preaching services at the mission, was a time of great religious awakening.

Shortly after the establishment of the mission in Sixth Avenue, the great war between the North and the South began, and Bethlehem was represented in that struggle.

One of the teachers, a Mr. Kruger, went to the war with a German regiment, in Col. Miles's division, and was at the first battle of Bull Run. He afterward became a clergyman. Mr. Benton, a superintendent in the early fifties, was in the battle of Newbern, North Carolina, and lost his life there.

At this point it is proper to speak of the second missionary enterprise incorporated in Bethlehem. In 1853 Dr. Potts proposed to Mr. Chapin, now the Rev. Henry B. Chapin, D. D., who had just been licensed, that he should take up

city mission work in connection with University Place Church. Mr. Chapin consented, and in January, 1854, a hall was rented in a two-story frame building on Laurens Street (now West Broadway), between Prince and Houston streets, with a seating capacity of about 200 persons.

The services at this Mission consisted of a Sunday-school session at 9 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., a boys' meeting at 4 o'clock every Sunday afternoon, and a preaching service at 7:30 o'clock every Sunday evening. The boys' meeting was designed for the rougher class of street boys who could not be attracted into the Sabbath-school.

Neighborhood prayer-meetings were held in tenement houses during the week.

The teachers were largely drawn from University Place. Among the workers were Mr. John Crosby Brown, Mr. Otis D. Swan, Miss Katherine Parker, and Miss Cornelia Stone.

Early in 1858 the school had to leave the building, it being used for other purposes. It was then decided to unite the Sabbath-school with the mission on Thirteenth Street, just a few months before it moved to Sixth Avenue. All the scholars, however, could not be induced to go up to the Thirteenth Street Mission, and Mr. C. Loring Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, was asked to organize a school from the *remnants* of this Laurens Street Mission, which resulted in the for-

mation of a branch of the Children's Aid Society in Cottage Place, and now in the handsome building in Sullivan Street. This fact will be referred to a little later on.

At this Laurens Street Mission, in about 1856, the girls had been taught to sew, and this work was continued in Sixth Avenue. It is thus nearly certain that the Sewing-school at Bethlehem is about the oldest one connected with church-work in the city—although it has not always been in continuous operation.

I have said that the Rev. C. H. Payson resigned in 1860. He was succeeded by Mr. Marvin Briggs from Princeton Seminary, who, after doing good work, resigned in 1862.

The period from November, 1862, to February, 1867, was a time of hard struggle. The mission had become considerably weakened for a number of reasons. It was debated as to whether the work should continue. There were no regular preaching services during that time, yet there was earnest work done. The teachers kept up a regular prayer-meeting. The spirit in the school was such that on March 11, 1864, Mr. John C. Brown, the Superintendent, gave the session an encouraging report. From 1864 to 1868 the school had a faithful Superintendent in Mr. Latimer Bailey. Toward the end of 1866 it was decided to recommence the regular preaching ser-

vices. September 17, 1866, "It was resolved that, in the judgment of the Session, the continuance of the Mission of the Church in Sixth Avenue is highly important to the prosperity of the school, the useful culture and activity of the teachers, and the well-being of the congregation." Accordingly in February, 1867, the Rev. Joseph M. Green was engaged as missionary. Mr. Green resigned on March 27, 1868, and became a missionary bishop in Mexico. A committee was appointed by the Session to inquire "Whether the mission work now prosecuted might not be more productive in some other portion of the city in the vicinity of University Place Church." On January 29, 1869, the committee reported: "The locality of the mission-school at 140 Sixth Avenue, and its various advantages, from the large population in its neighborhood, its moderateness of expense, the largeness, energy, and success of its labors," entitled the Mission to be continued and fostered. The report was accepted and printed, and distributed among the congregation.

April 29, 1868, the committee having the oversight of the school had its powers enlarged. Formerly it had merely charge of the building. The whole work of the mission was now placed under its supervision, subject to the review of the Session. This was beneficial, for the next month the committee reported the "encouraging posture of

the Mission." Mr. C. B. Whitcombe, of Union Seminary, was appointed as Superintendent, and for a few years things went well. Mr. Whitcombe was succeeded by Mr. F. B. D. Garretson, who after a few months was succeeded by Mr. David J. Burrell, now the Rev. Dr. Burrell, of the Collegiate Church. Mr. Burrell was the pastor at the time of the union of the Mercer Street and the University Place Churches in 1870.

After the union of the Mercer Street and University Place Churches an important feature was introduced into the government of the Mission. A General Committee was appointed to look after the missions on both Avenue D and Sixth Avenue. This consisted of 3 elders and 2 teachers, or persons who were connected with each of the two chapels, so that both were represented by those who were specially interested in them. The elders were Messrs. James Brown, Otis D. Swan, and Chas. P. Hartt, and those representing the Sixth Avenue Mission were Messrs. D. M. Devoe and Wm. B. Jaudon.

In 1871 Mr. Burrell was succeeded by Mr. Lewis J. Foote, now the Rev. Dr. Foote, of Throop Avenue Church, Brooklyn. Under two such men the work advanced greatly, but it was uphill work. Mr. Foote's pastorate deserves special mention. May 21, 1872, Mr. Foote was ordained in the Mission chapel as an evangelist, and May 26, 1872,

the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in the Mission, with elders Geo. R. Lockwood and F. C. Jones to serve.

Still another most interesting event took place in Mr. Foote's pastorate. October 2, 1873, Dr. R. R. Booth reported to the Session that the Mission at 140 Sixth Avenue desired to adopt the name of "Bethlehem." It was accordingly resolved that the mission of this Church at 140 Sixth Avenue be hereafter known and designated as Bethlehem Mission. At the age of 25 this child asked for its own name! Bethlehem has been true to the meaning of its name—"House of Bread." Many have come there with starving souls and have been fed on the "Bread of Life." In many hearts Christ has been born.

Mr. Foote resigned in 1873, going directly to the church of which he is now pastor. He was succeeded by Mr. Geo. Ford, now the Rev. Dr. Ford, of Syria.

The following year this mission was again in trouble. Various causes greatly weakened it and so affected its prospects that the rooms were given up and the work was narrowed down to the Sunday-school. April 26, 1874, the Sacrament was celebrated for the last time at 140 Sixth Avenue, and was not again celebrated in special connection with the Mission until 1894. For a few months the Mission found shelter in rooms con-

nected with the Presbyterian Church near by on Eleventh Street.

When the chapel was given up, although the Sunday-school was continued in Wooster Street, the Sabbath evening and weekly prayer-meetings in direct connection with the Mission were suspended. Sometime before this, however, meetings had been held in private rooms in Thompson Street, which many of the workers of the chapel had attended.

These meetings were now the means of holding the people together. Many of the teachers attended, and the good accomplished cannot be valued. These were started first in 1869 by Mrs. Morgan, the missionary at the chapel, in the attic of the rear house 206 Thompson Street, in a room of a Mrs. Scott. At this period they were held in the room of a good woman whose name is still remembered with affection—Mrs. Elizabeth Menzies. Mrs. Menzies did washing for a living, but was glad to give the few hours each week necessary to get the room in readiness. The meetings were held here until May, 1884, when Mrs. Menzies died. Meanwhile the Sunday-school had been steadily growing and was now in a flourishing condition, and it had been felt for some time that there should be public services in the district to follow up the work of the school. After some delay a room was secured at 222 Thompson

Street, and the opening service was held June 16, 1884. In September, 1884, Mr. John Hutchinson was engaged to take charge of the services held on Friday and Sunday evenings. Those meetings were greatly blessed. Many workers attended them faithfully. Among others we remember particularly Mr. Daniel Devoe, to whom Bethlehem was very dear.

In October, 1874, the Sunday-school moved to the Public School building 180 Wooster Street, with Mr. John H. Dey, of the New York "Evangelist," as Superintendent.

Here Bethlehem joined hands with another mission, the third of the three missions of which the present Bethlehem is constituted. This mission also began in Laurens Street, a few doors below Amity Street (now West Third). It was started in a basement in 1858, the year the other Laurens Street mission moved up to Thirteenth Street. A benevolent lady living there, seeing so many boys on the street on Sundays, invited them to her basement to give them religious instruction. Soon they were gathered into a hall just opposite the Public School on Wooster Street, below Bleecker. Among the teachers were Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Mr. Robert Hoe, Junior, and Mr. Robert L. Belknap. For a time Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the father of the present Police Com-

missioner, was the Superintendent. For about seven years Dr. Benjamin Lord held that office. At one time there were about 30 classes, with 2 infant classes, with a total attendance of about 300.

Prayer-meetings were held in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Thompson and Houston—the same Church that moved to Eleventh Street and sheltered Bethlehem in 1874. For some time this Mission had a semi-connection with the Church of the Ascension, the Rev. John Cotton Smith, D. D., being rector at the time. When Bethlehem united with it in 1874 it was under the care of no Church, but a Mr. Carpenter, a warden of St. Clement, was Superintendent. Mr. Carpenter became assistant-superintendent under Mr. Dey. The whole school now numbered about 100, but grew rapidly. The teachers found they had all they could do to keep order. Those coming to the school were of the roughest kind. Under the wise management of Mr. Dey order was gradually obtained. There was every kind of religious belief there, and the teachers wisely forgot for the time their particular denomination. In 1880 Mr. Dey was succeeded by Rev. B. F. Millard, who resigned in 1881, to be succeeded by Mr. Sturges, who was soon followed by Mr. James B. Murray.

In June, 1882, a most important and beneficial

provision was made regarding the committee in charge. Previously there had been one committee for the two missions, with representatives from both. Bethlehem had now a special committee appointed to look after its welfare. This committee consisted of Mr. Moses W. Dodd, Mr. Daniel M. Devoe, and Mr. James B. Murray.

In May, 1885, another important feature was introduced into the committee in charge of Bethlehem. Previously there had been one treasurer for the whole mission work of the Church. The funds raised for the mission work of the Church was now placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the Session, who then turned over to the treasurers of the two missions their proper apportionment. This arrangement added greatly to the efficiency of Bethlehem.

From 1884 to 1886 many societies were organized—viz., The Bethlehem Band, the Helping Hand, a Women's Meeting, a Band of Hope for Children, and a Mutual Improvement Club for Boys, from which in due time sprang a Young Men's Society. All of these did good work. Some of them remain. The rest have been merged into other organizations. In 1884 the Sewing-school was recommenced. In 1886 the Mission was gaining ground so rapidly that it was proposed to purchase a site, but the matter was postponed.

In 1886, after faithful service, Mr. James B. Murray resigned the superintendency of the Sabbath-school to Mr. Edward S. Simmons, who resigned in 1889.

In 1889 a further step was taken in securing a missionary who should be constantly on the field. This was Dr. Christopher Humble. His labor of faith and love will long be a tender memory in the hearts of all his people.

In 1889 the trustees of the Public School forbade the use of their building for religious instruction, and Bethlehem was "put out." And now, when it was again homeless, the Children's Aid Society on Cottage Place, the sister of the old Laurens Street Mission, absorbed into the Thirteenth Street Mission 31 years before, opened its arms and gave Bethlehem shelter.

Then, after Bethlehem had wandered about the wilderness 40 years, meeting with all the foes expected in a wilderness, it came to pass that a way was opened into the land of promise, 196 Bleecker Street. We have come to recent history. We remember that the funds necessary for the erection of the present chapel came without special solicitation, that the building was not only erected, but partially endowed.

In 1890 a Christian Endeavor Society was organized.

In 1893 Dr. Humble resigned, and the Session

requested me to assume the pastorate. On the first Sunday in 1894 the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed, the first time since 1874; a period of twenty years. It is now observed regularly four times a year.

What are our present statistics? Bethlehem touches in one way or another about 1500 people. Public services are held every Thursday and Sunday evening. The chapel seats comfortably 150 people. The attendance on Sunday evening is about 100, and 50 on Thursday. The Sabbath-school has an enrollment of 300, with an average attendance of 200. The church membership is 138.

There are various societies and meetings at Bethlehem, such as the Bethlehem Band for girls, the Christian Endeavor Society (these two have just united), a meeting for mothers, a meeting for children, and a Sewing-school. Besides these, a Kindergarten meets every morning (except Saturday) in the building.

What then shall be said concerning the past? Bethlehem has not been able to grow in proportion to her years because of her many removals and severe losses, but she has blessed many lives as she has journeyed about—many have been born into the kingdom. The lesson of the past is that of faith and courage to all who shall hereafter labor in this mission. Bethlehem is in a

hard field. She rejoices that this is so. Her history has fitted Bethlehem to fight a hard and prolonged battle with the Prince of this world.

If the workers at Bethlehem falter it will be from failure to learn the lessons of the past. God forbid that the labor of those gone before should be in vain !

What, then, of the future? Our heritage is great, our opportunities are large. We pray that we may be found faithful, and when in years to come others shall read our history they shall say, "These men and women also labored for the coming of the kingdom; their lives also were inspired by the love of Christ."



Address by the

Rev. Thomas Marshall, D.D.

**W**E have with us to-night Rev. Thomas Marshall, of Chicago, Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. In the early days he was a worker in connection with Emmanuel Chapel. We are, therefore, very glad to have him come to us with his greeting, on this jubilee occasion.

Dr. Marshall spoke in part as follows:

*Mr. Chairman and Dear Friends:*

Those were bright and happy days that I spent with you as your missionary for two years, in what was then Dry Dock Mission, now Emmanuel Chapel. Those years were my first in the active ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

At this very busy season, leaving behind many pressing business cares, a long distance have I

come simply to say: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all" in this blessed work that you, as successors in that mission, are permitted to do.

The history of Emmanuel Mission, in its origin and growth, is only another illustration of the source and progress of that wonderful river in the prophet Ezekiel's vision. That stream first appeared as a living spring at the right side of the altar, at the threshold of God's house. There is where every true Church of Jesus Christ must have its beginning. From that living spring flowed what was, at the end of a thousand cubits, but a tiny stream, only ankle deep. A child could toy with it, yet onward it flowed, gathering volume in its progress, and when the measure is applied at the end of another thousand cubits, it is knee deep. Still onward it flows toward the rising sun another thousand cubits, when it is no longer the tiny stream, nor yet the babbling brook, for it has swollen in depth, and now it measures to the loins. Again it is measured, and the living spring that first appeared beside the altar of the house of God has become broadened and deepened until it enriches every land and beautifies and blesses every clime. Like that spring this mission had its origin at the beginning, and like that river this mission is a benediction to the wide world to-day. Such are the

characteristics that should preëminently mark every Church of Jesus Christ in the world. It is only a step from a state of suspended animation to the grave. "Forward" is the watchword that must evermore be written on the banners of every living Church in this living age.

The types of the Old Testament and the parables of the New all teach one and the same thing — the steady growth and progress of the Kingdom of God in the world, until it overshadows or conquers all. To-day it is the babbling brook; to-morrow it is the mighty river. Now it is the smallest of seeds sown in the earth; when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs. Is it the leaven hid in the meal? Its destiny is to work until the whole is leavened.

Did Jesus Christ say, "I am the vine"? He also said, "Ye are the branches." The fruitless branch He plucks off and casts it into the fire. Does the branch bear fruit? "He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit," for "Herein," says the Son of God, "is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." This fruit-bearing spirit is the spirit of missions. It is the life of the Church, and that Church that does not manifest this spirit may well be called dead. From the dear old Home Church we must ever be pressing to gain by conquest for the Master "the regions beyond." The Holy Ghost has said, "Strengthen

your stakes." He also has said, "Lengthen your cords." While we seek to make the Home Church as beautiful and strong as costly temples, and lavished wealth, and souls redeemed can make it, we cannot expect God's blessing except we seek to make it strong for one purpose—that we may run our lines out "to the utmost part of the earth." The service that we render to our God must have less of the priest and far more of the Samaritan. Our watch-towers are not for defense merely, but we build them aloft that our light may shine out to the ends of the earth. God has planted his Church in the world for salvation, and for nothing else. Multiplication, growth, expansion for salvation, are the life of every Church of Jesus Christ. And that life will manifest itself as the Church reaches out and takes hold of the perishing nations. This, by way of eminence, is "the chief end of man." God has placed us in this world and made it our greatest care to "seek first the Kingdom of Heaven" for ourselves, and then He has laid us under obligation to reach out, far and wide, and lay hold of the perishing everywhere. An analysis of our daily life ought to teach us a profitable lesson. Let us examine a single day of time. In it there are just twenty-four hours. What are we doing during those twenty-four hours? Twelve hours of the day we spend in eating, and drinking, and

sleeping. A man who has lived the allotted three score years and ten, has spent thirty-five years of that time in eating, and drinking, and in bed. He dies if he does; and he dies if he doesn't. What are we doing during the remaining twelve hours of the day? With all seriousness we ask the question. We are digging until we dig our fingers off. We are digging until our hair turns white and falls from our head. We are digging until our eyes are blind and our ears are deaf. We are toiling and moiling until, wrinkled, and gnarled, and bowed down with the cares, and burdens, and sorrows of life, we totter with very age and fall into a grave. And for what? That we may have something to eat and a bed to sleep in. That is all. Nothing else in this world can any man do for himself. The richest can do no more. The poorest can do no less. God gives us our board and clothes that we may work for Him. We may pile up silver and gold by the millions, and yet, in God's sight, never live at all. God has given us powers of body and mind, and filled our hands with material substance for one thing only—that we may reap these fields for Him.

A man once wrote the epitaph he wished to have graven on his tombstone. It was this:

“What I spent, I had.

“What I left, I lost.

“What I gave away, I sent on before.”

We would be wise, if daily we would reckon with ourselves as stewards of God's husbandry.

It not infrequently troubles the newspaper editor properly to write the obituary of many a man. It often runs like the following: "There died in our city, last night, Mr. A—— B——, one of our oldest and best-known citizens. He came to our town more than fifty years ago, a poor boy. By his industry and economy he accumulated rapidly until, at the time of his death, he was reckoned among our millionaires." Right here all that the editor is able to do more is to put a period, without he runs the risk of putting on an embellishment very much out of harmony with the life he would fain wish to commend. This experiment an editor in one of our cities attempted last summer, when he made the following record: "On last Sunday, J—— H——, as he was engaged in an exciting game of baseball, fell dead on the play-ground." It did seem to the editor that for the comfort of friends something more ought to be said, so he added to the brief obituary: "He was a very exemplary young man."

The man of this world died and left his vast estates. His whole existence here, so far as real life was concerned, was a series of lost opportunities. He died and was buried. From the same town on that same night another man died. He was not rich in this world's goods. The editor

was paid for the two lines that told of his departure. He lived in an obscure part of the town. The humble cottage that sheltered him was worth scarcely enough, if sold, to defray the expense of a decent burial. He lived. He toiled hard. He stored up well, but it was treasure laid up in heaven. He was the friend of the friendless. He was the poor man's benefactor. With eyes moistened with tears, many a lost soul he piloted safely home. Nor was this all. Out of his hard earnings he counted it a privilege to make an offering unto the Lord for lost souls in lands to which he fain would, but could not, go. He did what he could to tell the story of the Cross in many lands beyond the sea. Of his death the community where he lived took little note. But his departure was up the shining way. Angels attended him in his upward flight. It was a princely train that swept through the pearly gates, and all Heaven rose up to welcome him who brought new jewels for the crown of his Lord and King.

For nothing else did God make us than to use the means and the energies He has given us in reaping these broad fields for the kingdom of Heaven. It is our mission to begin at this, our Jerusalem, and to go forth, and by all the powers God has given us, to witness for Christ "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

One thing more would I say before I close.

Open to me your hearts that I may thereon write words that I would wish you never to forget: Live with your time; live with your talents; live with the means that God has given you, as you will wish you had lived when others see your face, as you have seen the faces of the fathers, beneath the coffin-lid. And may God be gracious unto you.

# BETHLEHEM MISSION.

YEAR	SUPERINTENDENTS	PASTORS AND SUPPLIES.		PASTORS AND SUPERINTENDENTS.
		PASTORS	SUPPLIES	
1847	Henry K. Bull	.....	.....	.....
1857	Richard W. Winkoop,	.....	.....	.....
1858-1860	John Crosby Brown.	.....	.....	.....
1860-1862	Latimer Bailey,	.....	.....	.....
1863-1864	James Roberts.	.....	.....	.....
1864-1867	Joseph M. Green.	.....	.....	.....
1866	C. B. Whitcombe.	.....	.....	.....
1867-1868	F. B. D. Garretson.	.....	.....	.....
1868	David J. Burrell.	.....	.....	.....
1868	Lewis R. Foote.	.....	.....	.....
1869-1870	George Ford.	.....	.....	.....
1870-1873	F. C. Jones.	.....	.....	.....
1872	F. A. Booth.	.....	.....	.....
1873	John H. Dey.	.....	.....	.....
1873	F. B. Millard.	.....	.....	.....
1874-1880	Stephen P. Sturges.	.....	.....	John Hutchinson.
1880	James B. Murray.	.....	.....	.....
1881	Edward S. Simmons.	.....	.....	.....
1881-1887	B. B. Bigler.	.....	.....	{
1884-1887	Herbert Ford.	.....	.....	Herbert Ford.
1887-1889	Roland Dawson.	.....	.....	.....
1889-1892	Dwight K. Parsons.	.....	.....	Christopher Humble.
1892	Herbert Ford.	.....	.....	.....

## APPENDIX.

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## LETTERS FROM FORMER MEMBERS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 18th, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. DENNY :

I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of the University Place Church, of which for a brief time I was myself a member.

The Church has had a beautiful life and has done a beautiful work ; and never, it seems to me, was the life more beautiful and the work more Christ-like than to-day. My own father's and mother's connection with the Church makes it sacred and dear to me in a peculiar manner.

With heartfelt salutations to pastor and to people, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

GEO. D. BAKER.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., November 23rd, 1895.

REV. GEO. ALEXANDER, D. D.

*Dear Brother:* I am in receipt of an invitation to the sixtieth anniversary of the old Mercer Street Church, of which, during my seminary course, I was a member.

I suppose my name will be found on the old list, since

I was licensed while a member. I have recollection of Mr. Thomas Denny, whom I knew but slightly; besides him, I doubt if I should know any of the members now.

I rejoice in the vigorous life which has characterized the *united* Church, and in the grand work that it is now doing. I wish very much that I could participate in the coming celebration, but it will be impossible, and I can only send my pleasant memories, my hearty greetings, and my earnest prayer for its continued prosperity.

Fraternally yours,

CHAS. H. BALDWIN.

THE COLLEGIATE REFORMED CHURCH,  
FIFTH AVENUE AND 29TH STREET.

November 27th, 1895.

MY DEAR DR. ALEXANDER:

You know why I cannot attend your service to-night, but you cannot measure my disappointment. The two years at the Sixth Avenue Mission were among the best of my ministry. I suppose I was a little "fresh" at the outset, as most theologues are (though they don't think it). I remember that within a month of my taking the school I had a tussle with a stalwart youth in which I lost my collar, my temper, my dignity; and was pretty badly mussed. But the boy was of a forgiving disposition, and afterwards became my warm friend.

Of the University Place people I remember some whose ministrations of sympathy were invaluable to the young missionary. There was Mr. Lord, the treasurer, whose monthly visits were always anticipated thirty days and lamented thirty more. The Pastor of the University Place Church at that time made for himself a home in my heart which he has occupied until now. I

wonder if Dr. Booth knows how affectionately I regard him. And what a corps of teachers we had in the Sixth Avenue Mission. The names crowd fast upon my memory; but if I were to begin I must call the entire roll. Two of them, however, stand out before all. There was Mrs. Chrisholm, teacher of our infant class; so kind and motherly, so jealous for her brood, and so successful beyond all the Froebelites I have met before or since. And the other was a lass of fourteen. One Sunday she came into the crowded room with three boys, whom she had persuaded (as I afterwards learned) at half-a-dollar each. All the classes were full and I had no place for the new recruits; nor had I a teacher. A board was placed in one corner, and a box before it. "My dear," I said, "sit down now and tell these boys why you love the Saviour." If I had asked her to teach them, she would have declined—for the boys were older than herself—but she could n't refuse my request. The next Sunday she was there again with more recruits—and the next, and so on. She became their teacher without knowing how; always telling them substantially the same old story, always holding her large class, with heads bent over her in close interest; on the whole, the most successful teacher I have ever known. She was there when I came away. I wonder whether she is still telling the story.

But you do not want too much of lang syne. I am very proud to speak of those early years of my ministry. On leaving New York I went to Chicago, where I began a new work—with a boy and a bell. It was under the supervision of the Third Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Abbott E. Kittredge was pastor. It became Westminster Church before I left it.

My experience in this sort of work inclines me to a warm sympathy with those who are engaged in it. They meet with difficulties which the "home church"

does not always appreciate. They are entitled to a most cordial and generous support.

Allow me, my dear Dr. Alexander, to add my word of congratulation. Happy pastor, happy people! God bless and prosper you.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

DAVID JAS. BURRELL.

LOWVILLE, N. Y., November 22nd, 1895.

DEAR MR. DENNY:

It would afford me very great pleasure to participate in the exercises commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the University Place Presbyterian Church, if my duties permitted my attendance, which, unfortunately, they will not.

I bear very precious memories of worship, nurture, fellowship, and work in University Place Church and its missions, and my heart will be at your festival.

May God bless the dear old Church more and more, and continue its wonderful history for centuries to come.

Most truly yours,

J. WESTBY EARNSHAW.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 14th, 1895.

THE REV. GEO. ALEXANDER, D. D.

*Dear Brother:* I have received the program of the Semi-Centennial of your Church, with its cordial invitation to be present. I hope I may attend some of the exercises.

I was connected with Bethlehem Mission over four years. My wife taught there for five years or more. I believe I have the honor of giving the name "Bethlehem" to the Mission, which was previously known as the Sixth Avenue Mission, located then, and all the time I

was connected with it, at 140 Sixth Avenue. I officiated in my last service, at the communion service which we used to hold in the evening and which occurred November 9, twenty-two years last Saturday.

I was called here from there, and my year here commences with November 1—*i. e.*, I was put on the payroll of this Church for November 1, but I appeared in the pulpit November 23, 1873. I have just preached my twenty-second annual sermon as pastor here.

I was connected with the Mission as visitor from my entrance to the Seminary, in the autumn of 1869, until the autumn of 1871, when I was made the minister. Immediately after my graduation from the Seminary, in May, 1872, I was ordained as an evangelist in the Mission, and with me began the observance of the Lord's Supper there. I continued to labor at Bethlehem until called here, as I have mentioned. I first met my wife there, the best gift of God to me next to my Saviour. My wife is not very strong just now, but, if possible, we shall come over Wednesday evening.

Faithfully yours,

L. R. FOOTE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, November 15, 1895.

To THOMAS DENNY, Chairman.

*Dear Sir:* I congratulate the Committee and the pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church upon reaching the fiftieth anniversary of the useful life of this Church, on the site it has held so long against all persuasive influence to go elsewhere.

During my Seminary course this was my church for two years, and the Sixth Avenue Mission my field of labor, with a goodly array of fellow-workers. Dr. Potts was then in his prime, and his accomplished daughter,

Mary Engell Potts, in the meridian of her singular and beautiful influence.

As pastor of a "down-town" Church which has held on its way for seventy-five years, and has just celebrated its three-quarter century anniversary and begun its next quarter of a century in the same place, I congratulate both Church and pastor. That your strength is still unabated and your courage equal to your work and its needs is matter for felicitation. Churches so situated and intending to hold the fort may, with good reason and much profit, draw together.

Thanks for an invitation, which I cannot accept.

Yours sincerely,

HIRAM C. HAYDEN,  
*First Presbyterian Church.*

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Died, March 13, 1896.



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GEORGE L. PRENTISS .....	1851 to 1858
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ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH .....	1861 to 1870

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ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH .. . . . .	1870 to 1883
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CHARLES P. HARTT .....	1872 to 1872
JAMES BUELL .....	1872 to 1882
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